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FRANCE AT HOME AND ABROAD.

WHEN the year brought round the anniversary of the day which rewarded the EMPEROR for staking all his fortune on one last desperate cast by permitting him to crush out the liberties of his country, he must have felt something of the weariness and despair which attend the never-ending struggle to retain a power ill-got and constantly threatened. The penalty which men like LOUIS NAPOLEON pay for their misdeeds is that they are never safe. He has done much in his time of which he may be reasonably proud. He has carried out some ideas to which he is sincerely attached. He has relieved the anxious melancholy of his temperament by a career of splendid excitement. But he has to work and to struggle for the maintenance of his Empire as much as he had ten years ago. He finds that, although France sees nothing but the Empire before her, and acquiesces in the Empire, and allows that the Empire suits some of her tastes, yet she will not pay the price which the Empire really costs. She will not give up all liberty of opinion, she will not mould herself wholly on the pattern of Imperialism, she even sometimes prefers giving a marked and open defiance to the Empire rather than abandon all care for her own concerns. The second return of M. PELLETAN for a central district of Paris is a great blow to the EMPEROR, and we may be sure that he feels it to be so. Every art was used, every decency was violated, every falsehood that could be devised was circulated, every possible abuse of power short of denying the liberty of voting was called in aid, in order that this dreaded defeat of the Government might be avoided. M. PELLETAN was proclaimed in official placards to be the worst, the lowest, the most degraded of men. He was false to every tie of honour and patriotism. He hated France; he mourned for the victories of her glorious soldiery; he was the foe of the poor man; he was for getting up bloody, idle, and eternal revolutions. And, worse than all, he had been guilty of a new and peculiar crime. He had invented a special and original atrocity. He had actually dared to criticise BÉRANGER. This awful announcement was supposed to be certain to thrill the hearts of Paris soldiers and Paris artisans. Other Frenchmen have been impious, Voltairian, atheistic; but M. PELLETAN had gone further than this, and had published an unfavourable literary criticism on the poet who sang of French grisettes and French soldiers as no one else ever sang before or since. On the other hand, the Government candidate was the pearl and flower of Parisian mankind. He had been poor, and now was very rich. He was intensely respectable. He believed in the *bon Dieu* and the EMPEROR, and was utterly incapable of writing any literary criticism whatever. And yet, in spite of all this, the district has gone wrong. It has taken the wicked critic and rejected the good industrial; it has endangered the cause of order, and affronted the EMPEROR, and wronged the precious memory of LISETTE, by giving M. PELLETAN a startling and overwhelming majority. Nor is it Paris only that has been false to the Empire. Dijon—a great centre of trade, and one of the most rising towns in France—has also rejected the Government candidate, and taken a man who is not, perhaps, so lost to all that is good in humanity as to criticise BÉRANGER; but who is pledged to support that Opposition which will soon make its voice heard in France. When the Opposition begins to speak, it will have plenty to say. Even in the Senate, things have been uttered that the EMPEROR can scarcely have liked. M. DE LA GUERRONNIÈRE himself, who now holds a sort of semi-independent position, and has a Court influence of his own, rebelled at the flagrant absurdity of complimenting the EMPEROR on the July elections. This was going too far. It was as if the House of Commons in the old days had been asked to pass a vote of thanks to GEORGE IV. for his conduct to Queen CAROLINE. The disgraceful scandals in the management of these elections which have lately been revealed may be passed over by

fervent admirers of the EMPEROR in silence, as a sad necessity of the times, but surely they are among the things of which the less said the better. M. DE BOISSY, too, told some uncomfortable truths in the course of his rambling speech; nor, perhaps, will their effect be diminished in France because they were mixed up with his ravings about England. Frenchmen can now enjoy, once for all, a complete knowledge of the enormities of which England has been guilty. The Marquis puts into black and white all that the most suspicious have ever suspected of perfidious Albion. He was able positively to inform his hearers that England strangled the King of MADAGASCAR because he was too French, nor was the orator staggered by being reminded of so trivial a fact as that the KING was still alive. It was England, too, that poisoned the late Viceroy of EGYPT because he had visited France. M. DE BOISSY, indeed, did not exactly know that the VICEROY had died of poison, or by whom the poison, if given, had been administered; but he reasoned on general principles, and general principles clearly proved that England must have poisoned him. A speech like this is sure to attract attention in Paris, even among the few Frenchmen who have sufficient acquaintance with contemporary history to laugh at it; and those who read it will find that it closes with some very bold and explicit remarks on a point which interests France more deeply than the theoretical inquiry, Who strangled a living barbarian? M. DE BOISSY protested that the true state of France and the true course of public opinion was concealed from the EMPEROR by the clique that surrounded him, and that it was by their machinations he was induced to think his mistaken policy was acceptable to France. A year ago the Parisians might only have smiled at this, but they will now couple it with the Government defeats at the recent elections, and can scarcely fail to think there is something in it. The attack of the Opposition is looked to more and more as a great event, and as likely to call the EMPEROR for the first time to something like the bar of an effectual public opinion. Nor can it be doubted that the basis of attack is very strong. Mexico, more especially, supplies the speakers with a topic where they have the country with them against the Government. France does not like the ten millions she has to pay for her conquest, and still less does she like her conquest being so uncertain and precarious after all. It is very probably untrue that Puebla is even seriously threatened by the Mexicans, but unquestionably the French soldiery have at present no real hold on the country, and General BANKS is able to report to his Government at Washington that a healthy crop of revolutions is always going on at Matamoras, and that it is only the last revolution but two that was favourable to France. If M. THIERS does not make something out of all this, he must be very unlike the M. THIERS of former days. With a growing opposition in the large cities, with M. THIERS ready to delight Paris and France with a skilfully composed survey of the origin, history, and consequences of the Mexican campaign, and with the failure of his proposed Congress to surmount, what is the EMPEROR to do? It is rumoured that he still clings to the idea of a Congress, and that he will hold such a meeting as he can get together without England. It is extremely doubtful whether he will take a step so little conducive to his dignity. The only possible object that such a meeting could serve would be to furnish France with some pretext for war which she does not possess at present. If the EMPEROR's main wish is to form new alliances, and to see what friends he can reckon on, he can much better ascertain this by secret than by open inquiries. And he cannot take the simple course of considering all who will not come his enemies, for the list will include, besides England, both Austria and Russia. A mere assemblage of minor sovereigns at Paris would turn the whole scheme into a burlesque, and it cannot suit the interests or heighten the fame of the author of the Congress

that it should end, after all, in nothing but the representatives of VICTOR EMMANUEL and the POPE meeting to abuse and curse each other in the ante-chambers of the Tuileries. Above all, it is obvious that the home effect of the Congress is now gone. There is no longer anything impressive, striking, and fascinating in it—nothing which can appeal to the vanity or pride of France, and make it forget Mexico and the elections. It is reasonable, therefore, to conclude that the semi-official talk about a Congress of those Powers that have accepted the EMPEROR's invitation is merely a means of gradually accustoming France to the notion that no Congress will be held. We are thus driven back to the old speculation whether the EMPEROR will be driven by his perplexities to seek an escape in war; and as no one—not probably even the EMPEROR himself—knows the answer to this question, we may balance the arguments on either side, and array the improbability of the EMPEROR permitting France to think his star is paling, and the eagerness of the army for war, against the indisposition of France to contract new loans, the absence of any assignable cause of war, and the immense risk to which military reverses might expose the EMPEROR if he attacked too strong a combination of Continental Powers.

MR. CORDEN AND THE TIMES.

THE *Times*—to use a convenient personification or corporate title—is so well able to take care of itself that there is little occasion to defend it when it happens to be unjustly attacked. Mr. CORDEN, however, is a sufficiently conspicuous person to justify a passing notice of his demeanour and of his language when he puts himself in a passion. The continuation of his recent correspondence is altogether consistent with the intolerance and vehemence of his first letter. His original burst of scolding was addressed to the *Times*, apparently in the hope of perpetrating a kind of practical joke if the libel should be inadvertently published by its own object. The "Notice to Correspondents" in the next day's paper proved that the ingenious little trick had almost succeeded, and a corresponding disappointment was produced by a private explanation of the obvious reason for declining the publication of the letter. The professed enemy of anonymous journalism, having an anonymous and congenial journal at his disposal, immediately printed his own rejected effusion, while he carefully suppressed all mention of the answer which he had received. At the same time, he privately addressed a second letter to the Editor of the *Times*, with the interesting information that the whole correspondence would be published in the world-renowned columns of the *Rochdale Observer*. In a third, though unfortunately not a concluding, document—printed, like the first letter, in the *Star*—Mr. CORDEN mildly announces that "the public will no more tolerate the literary 'assassin in our day than it would the poison-bowl or the dagger.'" The sympathizing organ of American principles and manners remarks, that "the letter we publish this morning is 'even a severer, because a more humiliating, chastisement than the former. The *Times* had been already horsewhipped for 'slander, it is now kicked for impudence.'" The amenities of democratic controversy are not likely to remove the prejudice which most educated Englishmen entertain against the principles of Mr. CORDEN and his political associates.

A large portion of Mr. CORDEN's third letter is employed in impressing upon his correspondent the error which he had committed in supposing that either Mr. BRIGHT or his champion was likely to read the *Times*. This "inordinate display of 'what I will call *Times* egotism'" may, perhaps, be partially excused by the admitted fact that Mr. CORDEN had read the article which first put him in a passion; and it is perfectly evident that only a constant reader is entitled to form the unhesitating opinions which Mr. CORDEN expresses on the character of the *Times*. Hereafter, it will be understood that, to attract Mr. CORDEN's attention to any communication, it must, if possible, be inserted in the *Rochdale Observer*. His own share, indeed, in a public correspondence is confided to the *Morning Star*, but the other party to the discussion has to content himself—so far at least as Mr. CORDEN is concerned—with the publicity of the *Rochdale* paper. Most persons have, in the course of their lives, seen an angry woman—perhaps a seaside lodging-house keeper—delivering her sentiments in a high key with the most unreserved freedom, and at the same time grasping the door-handle. When the victim of her eloquence at last finds a pause for explanation or apology, the door is slammed in his face, and he has to argue with vacancy, or to console himself by writing a letter of complaint to the *Little Peddlington Observer*. After all, Mr. CORDEN, who never reads the *Times*, proposes, with all the feminine inconsistency of his prototype, to force his opinions even on that

obscure section of the community which fails to share his newspaper predilections and antipathies. By venting his anger in the House of Commons, he hopes to force the *Times* reporters to provide a vehicle for his vituperation against their employers. "In about sixty days Parliament will be in session, and it will then be in the power of those whom 'he [the Editor of the *Times*] maligns and refuses a hearing ' [sic], (if they should be so disposed), to make the columns 'of his own paper the vehicle for a searching, detailed, and 'complete exposure of what I venture to call a flagrant 'public abuse, the mere allusion to which seems to have 'almost deprived the *Times* of all sense of prudence, propriety, and decency.'" The alleged want of prudence, propriety, and decency consists in a temperate explanation, contained in a private letter, of the reasons which prevented the publication in the *Times* of a violent personal attack on its conductors and contributors. If Mr. CORDEN is silly enough to persevere in the menace of repeating his abusive language in the House of Commons, his speech will certainly be reported with contemptuous impartiality; but he forgets that he has no power of forcing even a Parliamentary report into any paper which thinks proper to exclude it. The press is not yet subject to the laws which Mr. CORDEN and Mr. BRIGHT would probably provide for its regulation if their aspirations for power were gratified by the overthrow of the present English Constitution. Mr. BRIGHT hates journalists as bitterly as his colleague, but he generally confines himself to taunts against the supposed obscurity and poverty of "writers who live in garrets." As far as Mr. CORDEN's grievance can be understood, it seems to turn on the opposite crime of escaping from the traditional Grub Street garret into aristocratic or official society.

"We all know," says Mr. CORDEN in his first letter, "the 'man whose fortune is derived from the *Times*. We know its 'manager. Its only responsible editor . . . is as well 'known to us as the chief official at the Home Office.'" In his second letter he adds, that he knows the editor's handwriting, and that he has long been personally acquainted with him; and, strange to say, the gentleman whom he addresses has since confirmed the statement. It would have been better to leave Mr. CORDEN exclusively in the wrong than to license his intrusion into private affairs. That part of the press which has no immediate concern in the dispute must decline to take judicial notice either of irrelevant charges or of irregular admissions. For the purpose of the present discussion, the *Times* has neither a handwriting nor a personal acquaintance with its friends or its enemies. If, however, it could be assumed for the purpose of the argument that the statements of Mr. CORDEN and his correspondent were true, it is not easy to understand what revelation is reserved to electrify the House of Commons, and to force its way, by the aid of the reporters, into the columns of the *Times*. It may or may not be true that, "in the present management of the '*Times*, there is one essential departure from the plan on 'which it was conducted twenty or thirty years ago.'" Mr. CORDEN means to say that it is now less strictly anonymous, and at the same time he vociferates incoherent threats of tearing off the veil which, according to his own assertion, has ceased to exist. He will not find it easy to reopen the hacknied controversy on the system of anonymous writing. An accusation imputing a discreditable act undoubtedly implies a responsible accuser; but the interpretation of a politician's acknowledged speeches is a wholly impersonal function. The writer in the *Times* had not even accused Mr. BRIGHT of proposing a division of lands among the poor, although he insinuated that such an offer would probably be popular with the recipients of the gift. The hopes of small States assembled in a European Congress were compared to "the feelings with which the poor might regard 'Mr. BRIGHT's proposition for the division among them of the 'lands of the rich, or the Roman plebeians might hang on 'the lips of GRACCHUS when he rose to expound to them his 'last plan for a new colony with large grants of land to every 'citizen who should join it.'" In other words, it is conceivable that Mr. BRIGHT might propose a division of lands, or that GRACCHUS might have projected a particular new colony. Although Mr. BRIGHT has often endeavoured to persuade the working classes that they are deprived of their right to the land, he has never yet promised to gratify the hopes which he has sedulously cultivated. It is probable, indeed, that his object is to promote bad feeling and disaffection rather than to prepare the way for universal plunder. The mention of GRACCHUS was unlucky for Mr. CORDEN, who can seldom resist the temptation to commit an historical blunder. "I suppose," he says, "the 'Editor concludes that Mr. BRIGHT feels rather complimented

"than otherwise at having been coupled with the GRACCHI, by "a writer in the *Times*, in schemes of socialistic spoliation." Only one GRACCHUS had been mentioned, and whatever Mr. BRIGHT may have thought on the subject, he ought to have "felt rather complimented than otherwise" by an association with the famous Roman noble, who assuredly never dreamed of socialistic spoliation. The point of comparison was a supposed project of dividing lands—in Rome, under a legal claim, although by a doubtful right—in England, by some arbitrary process of democratic legislation. In either case, the poor who were to profit by the measure might be expected to receive the boon with equal readiness.

A curious illustration of Mr. CORDEN's temper is furnished in a letter which he has addressed to the Marquis of HARTINGTON, not in the *Rochdale Observer*, but in the *Morning Star*. Unlike the writer in the *Times*, who had, at the worst, misinterpreted Mr. BRIGHT's language, Lord HARTINGTON had carelessly attributed to Mr. CORDEN an unwise opinion which was really expressed by Mr. SEWARD. There was no doubt that Lord HARTINGTON had made a mistake, and of course he would have apologized for the oversight which Mr. CORDEN "had almost called a reckless perversion." "While "with his pen in his hand," however, after requiring a retraction of the error, Mr. CORDEN cannot resist the temptation to be gratuitously uncivil:—"While with my pen in "my hand, permit me to add that, with better opportunities "than your lordship of studying the system of popular education "and the state of society in the New England States, I did not "recognise much greater accuracy in what you stated to the "Hastings meeting on those subjects than in what you said "of myself." Lord HARTINGTON had expressed an opinion that both education and society in New England were characterized by certain defects as well as by acknowledged merits. Even if he has formed a mistaken judgment, there is no analogy between an unsound opinion and a mis-statement of a fact. A statement that it is six miles from Paddington to London Bridge, and the proposition that St. Thomas's Hospital ought not to have been removed, may both admit of refutation, but only one of the assertions can be false. Mr. CORDEN himself may perhaps at some time inadvertently misquote an antagonist, but he would be surprised to find himself not only contradicted or corrected, but exposed to irrelevant criticism. If his opponent were to imitate his letter to Lord HARTINGTON, he might, after requesting him to correct the blunder, proceed to entirely different subjects. "Permit me to add that, with better "opportunities than yourself of studying Greek and Roman "history, I did not recognise much greater accuracy in what "you said of the superiority of the *Times* to THUCYDIDES, "or in your implied abhorrence of the memory of GRACCHUS, "than in what you said of myself." The absurd intolerance and irritability of the democratic leaders will probably increase the general disinclination to place them in positions where they could punish their critics instead of insulting them.

GERMANY AND DENMARK.

THE Prussian Minister, Count EULENBURG, with the pleasing simplicity of a thorough absolutist official, lately assured the Chamber that the English press was regularly subsidized by the Danish Government. If the Parliament of Copenhagen had ever voted any money for the purpose, it would have been guilty of gratuitous extravagance. No bribe could have purchased so complete a misrepresentation of the dispute as that which may be attributed to perfect and wilful ignorance. Before the death of the late KING, many English writers described the menace of Federal execution in Holstein as equivalent to a threat of immediate war, and the Danes were accordingly encouraged to refuse all concessions, and to defend at any cost the integrity of their country. The death of FREDERICK VII., and the accession of a new dynasty, raised a question which was entirely new, while at the same time it left the existing controversy between Denmark and Germany as it stood. The supporters of King CHRISTIAN's title could desire nothing better than that the Diet and the Great German Powers should, by charging him with the liabilities of his predecessor, implicitly acknowledge his inheritance of the corresponding rights. By calling upon him to perform his obligations to Schleswig and Holstein, Austria and Prussia would recognise his sovereignty in both Duchies. On the other hand, the abandonment or indefinite suspension of Federal execution could only have been caused by an intention of looking for redress to the rival candidate. There were strong temptations to escape from the complicated litigation with Denmark by a forcible and final severance of the Duchies from the Kingdom. But for the treaty of 1852, no Government in Germany would have for a moment hesitated to admit the

claim of Duke FREDERICK of AUGUSTENBURG, and prudent politicians rely as little as possible on written compacts which conflict with the interest or inclination of powerful States. While volunteers were enlisting at Hamburg, and while all the elected Chambers in Germany were demanding the recognition of the AUGUSTENBURG title, the ill-informed advocates of the Danish cause were protesting against the legal process which, both in law and in practice, furnished the best security against deliberate or casual hostilities. By revoking the wrongful Patent of FREDERICK VII., King CHRISTIAN admitted that one portion of the remonstrances of the Diet had been well-founded. It would, perhaps, have been impolitic to offer the complete satisfaction which would have forced the Diet to exchange litigation for diplomacy. The conclusion of the internal Holstein quarrel would have left additional room for the more complicated controversy on the union of Holstein with Schleswig. In its judicial capacity, the Diet cannot act beyond the Eyder; but although the German armies cannot perform the part of sheriff's officers in Schleswig, they may reassume their military character as soon as they pass the frontier of the Confederacy.

The recent conduct of Denmark is so utterly indefensible that England, Russia, and even Sweden have expressed dissatisfaction with the measures which had been adopted in premature reliance on the support of foreign Powers. There can be little doubt that Lord WODEHOUSE has been instructed to press the revocation of the Constitution, and Sweden has, for the time, declined the offensive and defensive alliance which had long been projected. It is absurd to attribute to the Swedish Government the ulterior purpose of annexing Denmark, after the severance of the German provinces. The formation of a great Scandinavian Monarchy would be in the highest degree desirable, but any candidate for the allegiance of Denmark must avoid direct antagonism to the strong popular feeling in favour of the retention of Schleswig. The remonstrances which have been addressed to the Danish Government are friendly as well as prudent, but it may be doubted whether the concessions which are required can be granted by the KING. The Constitution is an Act of Parliament, which the Crown has no power to revoke, and, in the present state of opinion, it would probably be impossible to procure the assent of the Assembly to its repeal. If Schleswig is not to form a part of the kingdom, the Danes would scarcely care to retain a connexion with the Duchy through a common sovereign. The Constitution furnishes Germany with a legitimate cause of quarrel, but it expresses the genuine policy of Denmark. If, however, under the pressure of superior force and of European diplomacy, the Danish Government is enabled to repair its recent blunder, the KING may still hope to retain his German and semi-German provinces. In 1850 and 1851, Austria and Prussia assented to the severance of Schleswig from Holstein, as in 1852 they unaccountably agreed to the succession of the family of GLÜCKSBURG. Both Governments have lately acknowledged their own obligations, although they insist on the rigorous performance of covenants on the part of Denmark; and it would be useless for the Diet to busy itself with the question of the succession, if the two leading Powers were compelled to admit full satisfaction of their demands. It is the business of England to advise the Danish Government to remove all pretext for reverting to the antecedent state of affairs, by strictly complying with the conditions of an extraordinarily favourable treaty. It is no disgrace to a weak State to comply with the letter of its obligations, although the fear of superior force may be the apparent motive of its concessions.

For the moment, the prospect of peace has improved, although there is still abundant opportunity for future collision. Austria and Prussia have, perhaps for the first time, found a difficulty in obtaining the assent of the Diet to a measure on which they had previously agreed. The narrow majority which decreed Federal execution proves the extreme difficulty of maintaining a pacific policy against the nearly unanimous desire of the nation. The Austrian Council of the Empire, the Prussian House of Deputies, and the Saxon and Bavarian Chambers, have already condemned the resolution of the Diet; but the vote which has been obtained enables Austria and Prussia to follow their own course, and they have prudently determined to take possession of Holstein without further delay. Englishmen are beginning to learn, as Germans have long since fully understood, that Federal execution is a peaceable operation, and that in practice it renders war impossible in the country to which it applies. The National Union and the Chambers in the different States demand occupation instead of execution, knowing that under the decree of the Diet King CHRISTIAN will remain Duke of Holstein, while nothing

whatever can be done in Schleswig. The difference between the two modes of proceeding corresponds to the contrast between a distress for rent and an action of ejectment. Incidentally, the presence of bailiffs in possession serves as an effectual protection against burglars and trespassers. When a Federal army is quartered in Holstein, no free corps will find admission into the Duchies, and it happens that it is impossible to reach Schleswig without passing through Holstein. The Danes could not hold the province for a day against a German invasion, but it is perfectly safe as long as it remains in the custody of the law. It seems that the Danish Government has learnt wisdom from the recent demonstrations in Germany, and perhaps from the counsels of friendly Powers. In the late reign, it was loudly announced that the entrance of a Federal army of execution into Holstein would be regarded as a cause of war. Now that the contingency is on the point of actually occurring, it may be hoped that the Danish forces will be judiciously withdrawn, and the Federal generals allowed to take temporary possession of the country without any attempt at resistance. The war, if there is to be war, will only commence when the force changes its character, and crosses the border of Schleswig. The collision will undoubtedly occur if Denmark is obstinate, but time has been gained, and the moderation of the Diet will supply new arguments in favour of concession or compromise. The Danes must be fully aware that Austria and Prussia have gone as far as possible in their efforts to obtain a peaceable solution. If they had not offered some satisfaction to national susceptibilities, they would perhaps have been outvoted in the Diet, and they would certainly have involved themselves in internal difficulties.

If a rupture takes place, it is not improbable that the loss of Holstein, and of at least half of Schleswig, may be the inevitable result. Even if the cause of the Danes were perfectly just, they are two or three millions of men against forty millions equally convinced of the rightfulness of their claims. In 1848 and 1849, the people of Holstein and Schleswig, with the half-hearted support of Prussia, proved a match for all the power of Denmark; and there is no similarity between a provincial insurrection, countenanced by a neighbouring State, and a war conducted against a petty adversary by a nation which, when united, is the greatest Power on the Continent. Denmark ought to see the improbability of obtaining support from any foreign State. England has not guaranteed the succession, and will certainly not go to war in an alien quarrel, especially as it will be found, when it is really studied, to be substantially unjust. Russia is fully occupied elsewhere, and France would prefer any other opportunity for war to a dispute in which Germany was already united and armed. The Great Powers are naturally unwilling to admit that they made a mistake in 1852, but they will not support by force their own officious arrangements. Prussia, and even Austria, is thoroughly ashamed of the ignominious pacification of Olmütz, which was closely connected with the London negotiations. The Emperor NICHOLAS was almost supreme on the Continent when he dictated the pacification between Austria and Prussia which involved the abandonment of German claims in Schleswig and Holstein. The letter of the treaties remains, but motives and interests have changed; and the Danes will find, if they rely on parchment, that their own discharge of legal obligations will be closely scrutinized. The English Government is probably giving good advice at Copenhagen, but a calculation of the forces of Germany will furnish still more conclusive reasons for prudent pliability.

INEVITABLES.

WHEN Jupiter allowed the grumblers among mankind to exchange their burdens with each other—the gouty man to become rheumatic and the rheumatic man gouty—they found that they were worse off than before, and begged for the disease back again with which use had made them familiar. In like manner, when we think that we have reason to complain of a statesman who happens to be in office, we can often teach ourselves to be reconciled to him by thinking who would step into his place if we got rid of him. A very short time ago, it seemed not unlikely that Lord RUSSELL would retire from the Foreign Office, and there were some reasons why it might be desirable that he should cease to hold the seals of that department. It is suspicious that the only people who praise him unreservedly are the thorough-going partisans of the Federal Government. He is their great light, and it is to him, they say, we owe our escape from openly supporting a confederation of nigger-drivers. But we are not aware that any one who knows the Continent well has much to say in his favour. If he has frequently taken the

right line he has taken it in a very unpleasant way, and has managed to make almost every nation in Europe equally uncertain whether it can rely on the support of England. But when we reflect what would happen if Lord RUSSELL were not Foreign Secretary, we cling to him fondly. If he is as the gout to us, and twinges us and hurts our toes, we feel quite a fancy for gout when we think that JUPITER in its stead might send us paralysis. If we lost Lord RUSSELL, we should be almost certain to have one of two great Inevitables. Either the present Ministry would last, and we should have Lord CLARENDON, or Lord DERBY would come into office, and we should have Lord MALMESBURY. It is the thought of these two amiable noblemen that inspires us with content. They are the disease we do not want, and to avoid which we are ready to bear gently and humbly with Lord RUSSELL. For, with all his faults, there is a certain force in Lord RUSSELL. In his acts, in his speeches, in his character, there is an astonishing ignorance of the world and of men; there is a want of the sense of proportion between himself and the ends he sets himself; there is an ineradicable Whig unpleasantness. But he is never poor and weak, and the mere creature of circumstances and of others. He thinks for himself, and carries his thoughts into action in spite of considerable opposition from his colleagues. He is not afraid either of the *Times*, or the EMPEROR, or any of the other great bogies of English Ministerial life. No human being could ever force him to own that he made a mistake, and he is prepared to defend himself, and all who have acted with him and under him, against all comers. If he thinks Germany right in its quarrel with Denmark, he does not trouble himself about decencies and proprieties, but lays down the law in a peremptory despatch from a German town. If he considers Russia morally wicked, he says so at once, just as a teacher at a Sunday school would say that a boy who had gone bird's-nesting during the instruction was very naughty. If he thinks a Congress futile, he plumps out an abrupt refusal to attend. This is not the manner of diplomacy, nor of good sense and worldly wisdom, but it shows independence and boldness. And a bold man is often right simply because he is bold. Lord RUSSELL was substantially right, for example, in his despatch about Schleswig-Holstein, because he took the pains and had the courage to examine the question for himself, and was not led away by the popular errors current in England. Perhaps he may think it some reward for his pertinacity that he has actually converted the *Times* itself at last, which has had its eyes touched with some sight-giving ointment, and has suddenly found out that the incorporation of Schleswig is contrary to the express engagements of Denmark. And, on the whole, he has done something much greater than this, for he has earned the substantial approval of his country for his foreign policy. A general consent pronounces that it has been full of errors, but that it has been independent, and in the right direction.

When he goes, and one of the two Inevitables takes his place, we shall soon see the difference. We shall then have one of the weakest members of the Cabinet at the Foreign Office, and the Foreign Office is the very department where a weak man is most pernicious. Taken man against man, we do not see that there is much to choose between Lord CLARENDON and Lord MALMESBURY, except that the former never falls into the literary extravagances which light up the despatches of the latter when he writes them himself. Both have the same sort of claims to hold the office. They have both been accustomed to diplomatic society, and have cultivated the acquaintance of foreigners. Both know what has happened in the House of Lords for some years past. Both have that knowledge of foreign affairs which the mere fact of having been at the Foreign Office cannot fail to give. And, on the other hand, both know that they are much too weak for the place, and know that everybody knows it. The only foreign policy that either of them can have is the foreign policy of the Cabinet to which they belong. And in this sense Lord CLARENDON is the better man, for he would have better advisers to guide him, whatever might be their relative merits on other subjects. The present Ministry is obviously superior in its foreign policy to a DERBY Ministry. The Conservatives, indeed, have no foreign policy that can be called by their name, or, if they have any, it is one that is quite out of date, and has no more influence with the nation than the Jesuits have. The only distinctive points of foreign policy to which the Conservatives can lay claim are, that the Italians are great nuisances with their foolish revolutions against benevolent Austrian Princes and their absurd wish for unity; and, secondly, that the temporal power of the POPE ought to be maintained by England. But these are mere idle fancies now, and the attitude of England towards Italy has become so fixed and unalterable that no change of

Ministry could much affect it, unless some startling change also befell Italy. On all other points the Conservative leaders follow in the wake of their opponents. They never know anything which is sealed to the ordinary Whig, and never announce any views which can be of the slightest use to any Englishman bewildered by the action of his country abroad. Mr. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD has no views about Schleswig-Holstein except those he has learnt from the *Times*, and he will now have to tell the farmers of Horsham what the *Times* has just discovered, that Denmark has not so clear a case as was said to be apparent to every one except the imaginary Professor who alone understood the question of the Duchies and went mad in consequence. The organs of Lord DERBY's party are wonderful literary representatives of a great power in the State, but they surpass themselves when they have to deal with the Continent, and try to extract some doctrines which they fondly hope their readers will think eminently Conservative. It may even be said to be a misfortune to the country that this should be so, and that the Conservative party, on this as on so many other points, should be like a vast flock of unreasoning, helpless sheep, crying out piteously for a shepherd. But as long as it is so, a weak Conservative Foreign Secretary must be worse than a weak Whig in the same office, for he will be worse supported; and therefore a perfectly impartial judge can honestly maintain a preference for Lord CLARENDON over Lord MALMESBURY.

That both are inevitable in their turn is almost certain. Lord DERBY might possibly be moved to get rid of Lord MALMESBURY by perceiving the obvious fact that a Conservative Ministry with a weak man in the Foreign Office—with a weak man in the very department where the Conservatives are most distrusted—cannot last long. But it is very difficult for the head of a party to pass over a friend who has twice been his colleague in the Cabinet. And the choice of those who, under our present system of Government, can be considered to have any pretensions to the post is always exceedingly small. A great country has to go through all sorts of misfortunes, and survives them. We have no doubt that England will get over either of these Inevitables holding office. But still it is a very considerable misfortune that, at the crisis of affairs which has now begun, and which promises to last some time longer, there should be nothing but a prospect of weak men at the Foreign Office. Not only do foreign affairs interest us deeply, but great principles are visibly at stake, with the triumph of which our own future may be bound up; and we need the most anxious vigilance, and the nicest steering to keep us out of a war. Then, again, if it is true, as is now so widely believed, that England has determined on a policy of total abstention, and can carry this policy out, we may at least be sure that the statesman who fixes and perpetuates this policy must have a strong and commanding mind, and must be able to sway the opinions of his countrymen under the great temptations and trials to which this policy, until it is confirmed, will inevitably give rise. We are by no means sure that the policy of abstention is the real choice of England, or that its popularity is more than accidental and temporary. Mr. FORSTER explained to his Yorkshire hearers that our refusal to help Poland was a crucial instance, and that, if we would not interfere there we are not likely ever to interfere in Continental matters again. Perhaps the evident inability of our fleet to operate in the forests of Lithuania has had as much to do with final determination as any settled policy of abstention. But at any rate, when that readjustment of power in Europe takes place which must necessarily follow from the withdrawal of England, there will be changes made that will sorely try the patience of ordinary Englishmen, and it will need a statesman of a very different class from the Inevitables to keep England faithful to the policy of looking on quietly while her neighbours fight and divide the spoil. Or if it should turn out that this entire withdrawal of England from Continental affairs is chimerical, that there are interests which England will not neglect, and cries to which she will not be deaf, a Foreign Minister must be a man of strength and originality of mind and character if he can teach the nation when and how to pass with safety and honour from a passive to an active policy.

THE PRUSSIAN MINISTER ON THE ENGLISH PRESS.

IT is one of the great privileges of the present generation that secrets which were shrouded from the gaze of their forefathers are revealed to them. There are the arrow-headed inscriptions, and Japan, and the source of the Nile, and the North-West Passage, and many other mysteries besides which

have been disclosed for our benefit. And now, to crown the work, the great mystery of mysteries, the British press, is being fathomed at last. We have had Mr. CORDEN bending his great intellect to the task, and recounting his discoveries in language which testified to the utter bewilderment that the contemplation of them had caused. But he is not alone in his courageous industry. Help has come to him from a quarter in which probably he little looked for it, and in a form for which he will no doubt be grateful. The Editor of the *Kreuz Zeitung* is an editor after Mr. CORDEN's own heart, for he does not "stab in the dark," but instead of that runs amuck in broad midday; and virtue is so far its own reward, that the notoriety thus acquired has procured for him a political position, and a seat in the Prussian Parliament. Thus qualified, he has given the world some information upon the subject of the British press. He knows a good deal more about it than Mr. CORDEN. He is not content with dark insinuations of corruption, nor does he confine his denunciations to any single paper. Not only the *Times*, but the English press generally, is bought by the Minister of the day, and "large secret funds for the purpose are habitually obtained without opposition even from the greatest Radicals." Such information is far more useful, and not a bit less credible, than Mr. CORDEN's vague innuendoes. It tells us that the corruption is carried on, not by places under Government or "high social distinctions," but in good hard cash; and it also gives us the exact sum for which the English press can be bought up. The annual vote of secret service money is 32,000*l.*; and, therefore, assuming that none of it is applied to the remuneration of disinterested Pachas at Constantinople, that is exactly the price of the English press. Count EULENBURG makes about the same estimate. In reply to the remark of an Opposition orator, that it was the fault of the Government if the opinion of Europe was against the Germans in the present crisis, the Minister lays it down "that, if the Prussian Cabinet had had between thirty and forty thousand pounds for that purpose, the opinion in England upon the Danish question would be very different from what it is now."

It only remains for Mr. CORDEN to move for a Committee in the House of Commons to inquire into these solemn statements made by M. WAGENER and M. VON EULENBURG. It is really his duty, as a patriot, to ascertain how much of the Secret Service money is absorbed by the *Times*. There is also the formal assertion of the Minister that the Danish Government has been investing large sums in leading articles, by which he accounts for the embarrassing fact that, among all the many-hued opinions of English journals, pure Schleswig-Holsteinism has not found a single representative. All these are matters which will be admirably well fitted for the speech upon the iniquities of the *Times* with which Mr. CORDEN has promised that he will favour the House of Commons. It is a pity that Mr. CORDEN and the Prussian MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR cannot set up a friendly intimacy for the purpose of investigating the corrupt motives which must animate the journals that attack them. If such a friendship could once be formed, it would never be broken. It would be cemented by the recognition of mutual worth, and by a strong similarity in sentiments, character, and position. M. VON EULENBURG hates all the newspapers except those inspired by himself, and believes them to be corrupt; so does Mr. CORDEN. M. VON EULENBURG expresses his opinion of his antagonists in a choice and spicy vocabulary, peculiar to himself, which has the effect of betraying much soreness in his own mind, and of furnishing much amusement to his opponents; and that is exactly the case with Mr. CORDEN. M. VON EULENBURG is in a hopeless and desolate minority; which is precisely the condition of Mr. CORDEN. It is true that the Prussian Minister is in the habit of employing stronger measures than would accord with the principles which Mr. CORDEN used to preach when he was a young man; but this apparent divergence of opinion will form no bar to the perfect harmony of the two statesmen now. A long familiarity, extending now over the space of three years, with the proceedings of Mr. LINCOLN, has accustomed Mr. CORDEN to see Constitutions cavalierly dealt with, and the liberty of the press rudely trodden down; and, admiring the potentate who has done these things, he has learnt to admire strong government at the same time. The liberties which M. VON BISMARCK has taken with the Constitution he was appointed to administer are gentle and modest when measured by the standard of Washington.

There is one point, however, of dissimilarity between M. VON EULENBURG and Mr. CORDEN, which might mar their perfect harmony. It is evident that the Prussian believes in his slanders against the press—an assertion which, in Mr.

CORDEN's case, cannot be made with equal confidence. This point of difference makes the foreigner a good deal the more inscrutable phenomenon of the two. It is quite intelligible that a man wounded to the quick by a just and well-directed taunt should hit out wildly; though, in the case of a public man so well-worn in political conflict as Mr. CORDEN, it is not very creditable to the balance of his mind. But the sincere belief of the Prussian Minister in the absolute venality of the English Press is more difficult to account for. We submit it to the German Professors who heard him as a metaphysical problem that ought to be solved. The believers in Innate Ideas may possibly hold that a conviction of the dishonesty of every newspaper except the *Journal of the Cross* is written by the hand of nature upon the brain of every Junker—or, at least, upon the nervous centres which answer to that organ. But for those who maintain that the origin of every idea is to be looked for in what a man has seen or heard or felt, it is hard to find a parentage for this curious estimate of public writers. A man who has dabbled himself in the purchase of newspaper praise may be excused for extending the category of venality too far; just as a profligate may be known by the opinion that no women are really virtuous. It would have been excusable in M. BILLAULT, who knew the moral fibre of the French press by personal experience, to believe that it was a profitable investment to purchase an English journal, and to send over French pamphlets to be translated into leaders. But M. VON EULENBURG has never had the opportunity of bribing a newspaper. The only Prussian journals that have supported the Ministry which he adorns are undoubtedly bound to it by considerations of a pecuniary character; but the relations that exist in those cases between the journal and the Government are too open and avowed to deserve the designation of bribery. Bribery implies the manoeuvres which fear the law, or the secrecy that springs from shame. And if the one or two journals that openly serve the Government are excluded, it is certain that M. VON EULENBURG has had no experience in the bribery either of native or foreign newspapers; or, at least, if he has tried his hand at it, he has been shamefully and ignominiously taken in. There never was a point on which so many public writers of so many nations have agreed as on the despicable character of the present Ministry of Prussia. Where, then, did the Count get the idea that all English newspapers could be bribed? It could not have been from his own experience; for the results have shown that, whatever his intentions may have been, his actual experience has been infinitesimal. It could hardly have been from the reports of the Prussian Ambassadors; unless Prussia has been infamously served. The only explanation of the phenomenon which can be offered as possessing even the semblance of probability is that the Count's conclusions upon this subject are merely a deduction from the great Junker syllogism. "All plebeians are vile; all newspaper-writers are plebeians; therefore all newspaper-writers are vile." And accordingly the Prussian Minister concludes, not only that English newspapers can be bought, but that—an almost equally insulting proposition—they can be bought in a body for the moderate sum of 30,000*l.* yearly.

Apart from the sentiment or the morality of the thing, setting aside all questions of principle or pride, we would suggest to the various principalities and powers who think they can buy newspapers, that they are sinking their money in a very hopeless speculation. The secret of honour sacrificed—be it in woman, statesman, or confidential friend—is proverbially hard to keep. Therefore it never can be worth the while of any newspaper of good circulation to sell itself; and a newspaper of bad circulation it can be worth nobody's while to buy. If it were practicable for an editor to make money out of the influence of his paper without any great danger of discovery, it is probable, considering human frailty, that the attempt would occasionally be made. In the same way, if members of Parliament could sell themselves without being found out, it is likely that venal members would not be the curiosities they are now. But, in both cases, increasing intelligence, and consequently increasing vigilance, have made secrecy impossible. The actual arrangements would require to pass through so many hands that the secret would be seriously perilled; and the thousands of readers who are observing would soon detect anything like uniform subserviency to the views or interests of any powerful patron. Mr. CORDEN and M. VON EULENBURG may therefore content themselves with the assurance that, even upon motives of pure self-interest—the only motives which they are likely to appreciate—the press of modern days can never be the venal instrument which they in their wrath have imagined it to be.

THE LEEDS CONVENTION.

ONE of the most striking moral phenomena that history describes is the change that comes over the minds of men at the approach of a deadly pestilence. The most hardened and the most frivolous tremble. Scoffers begin to recant; the most open sinners become suddenly pious; and serious thoughts disturb the gaiety even of the most thoughtless. Few sights are more edifying than the wholesale conversions which are effected by imminent peril. Though the spectators know that, when it has passed away, it will leave but slender traces of the reformation to which its approach gave birth, still the sight of so much virtue suddenly elicited from the most unpromising material is deeply touching. There is something affecting in the sight of so much indifference stimulated into zeal, and so much pride abased. In England, for some generations past, we have had no such spectacle. But we possess an imperfect substitute for it. Every seven years, and generally oftener, our politicians exhibit to us, upon a reduced scale, the phases of mind through which a community passes upon the mere approach of the plague. When their political probation is over, and the dread image of the hustings rises before their eyes, they usually exhibit a very fair specimen of that desire to be a monk which is attributed to Somebody when he is sick. The spectacle is not as edifying as it might be, for the sickness is one from which they are apt to recover; and then they imitate the conduct of the prototype to whom we have alluded, to the full extent of the proverb. But still it is curious and instructive to see how great a change can be worked upon the mind by ungovernable terror.

The condition of mind to which the near approach of dissolution will bring the most hardened sinner is evidently that in which the Reformers of Yorkshire find themselves at this moment. For five long years they have indulged the desires of their hearts, and treated their hustings pledges with contempt. They have encouraged a veteran Reformer to rest and be thankful; they have allowed Reform to be laughed out of the House of Commons; they have delivered upon its helpless carcass as many kicks as were possible without drawing too much public attention to their proceedings. They have watched its decease with undisguised joy, and have given no encouragement to the resurrectionists who would drag it from its grave. And now the day of retribution is drawing near at last. Closer and closer comes the vision of the canvass and the hustings, and all their terrible accompaniments of explanations and of pledges. A rapid change in their tone of thought is making itself visible. The excuses they have made for themselves begin to lose their plausibility; the memory of the pledges they have taken and broken is becoming awfully distinct. The repentance of terror is beginning to creep over their souls. Casting about for succour, they felt that there was only one course open to them, if they meant to atone for their past sins. They must have a grand Reform function in the old style, as they used to have it in the forgotten days when their faith was still green, and their love yet warm, and the scoffing PALMERSTON had not yet beguiled them from the enthusiasm of their earlier years. They manfully screwed their courage to the sticking-point, and resolved to perform the public act of humiliation and of penance which has been imposed upon them by their past misdeeds and their present terrors. It came off at Leeds on Tuesday last. To the believers in political virtue it was a solemn and a gratifying sight. In former days, the devout used to be occasionally edified by seeing some gay French Marquise, who believed that her career was drawing to a close, encircling her lovely waist with the cord of St. Francis—under the impression, apparently, that some being or beings unknown would be deluded into believing that she had really been an ascetic all the time. The Reformers at Leeds presented the same edifying spectacle, with apparently the same consolatory confidence. After having rested very pleasantly, and having been thankful very heartily (whenever they had anything to be thankful for), during the last five years, they now take out the old rags of Reform, and, encasing themselves in that saintly habit, they strut before the electors in the disguise of uncompromising Reformers, harbouring, apparently, no sort of misgiving that anybody will doubt their unabated and inextinguishable zeal. It is hard, perhaps, to criticize them; for they evidently made great personal sacrifices. For Sir JOHN RAMSDEN and Mr. LEATHAM, Lord HOUGHTON and Mr. FORSTER, to present themselves as a body of gentlemen holding the same political opinions was undoubtedly an act of self-denial which, unless the electors are grossly ungrateful, they will certainly appreciate. And, on the whole, it must be admitted that the requisite pledges were swallowed with a very respectably

good grace. Sir JOHN RAMSDEN, indeed, shirked them altogether, and Sir F. CROSSLEY gulped them down in a very diluted form. But Lord HOUGHTON, to show that the edge of his reforming zeal had not yet been taken off in the House of Lords, fully made up for any deficiency in his colleagues. It was wise in the Reformers to commit this task to a Peer. The object of the meeting was to stir up the ten-pounders of the great towns in Yorkshire by profuse pledges of Reform. No one could give them with better grace, and more personal comfort, than one who knew that he was never likely to be called upon to confirm his opinion with his vote.

No one expects to find the real opinions of a member of Parliament in his addresses to those who are, or may be, his constituents. But it does not follow that electioneering speeches of this kind are destitute of value. They do not, indeed, inform us what the speaker thinks; but they tell us what he wishes it to be thought that he thinks. A speech in Parliament, in cases of ordinary honesty, expresses the opinions of the member. A speech to electors expresses the opinions of the constituency, or rather it expresses a complex quantity, made up partly of the inclinations of the member himself, and partly of the opinions of the constituency to which he is forced to bend. It is evident that both Mr. THOMPSON and Sir F. CROSSLEY would gladly have cursed Reform if they had dared; but they were brought there to bless it, and they were not of the unaccommodating spirit which is attributed to BALAAM. So they compromised the matter by giving excellent reasons why Reform should not be adopted, and then concluding by the assurance that they wished for it nevertheless. On the other hand, Mr. LEATHAM, if he had not been afraid of disgusting the landlords and so procuring the return of an opponent, would clearly have liked to advocate universal suffrage. At least, no other meaning can be given to his argument that Englishmen are Englishmen only in name unless they have the right to vote. Abstracting, however, all personal opinions, it is evident that, in the judgment of this acute electioneering committee, there is a certain number of the existing electors who are likely to be propitiated by promises of Reform. It would be a curious subject of inquiry to ascertain the precise reasoning or prejudice upon which this tendency is founded. That Yorkshire electors can entertain any abstruse theories upon the rights of man is of course impossible; for they are Englishmen, and not Frenchmen or Germans. Nor is it likely that they are animated by a disinterested desire to transfer their own power to the class that lies beneath them. To some extent, this state of opinion may be accounted for by the class-feeling which exists among the working men, and which forces those who have the franchise to vote for extending it to those who have not got it. A still more powerful motive may perhaps be found in the local jealousy which irritates the townspeople of the North against the system which, according to the standard of population, gives so much undue favour to the South. There is no doubt that the theoretical anomalies of the Constitution place those who desire to defend the existing balance of power at a considerable disadvantage in argument. It would be far more satisfactory to have a system of which it would be possible to say, not only that it works well, but that it is logically maintainable. A representative machinery which, while it gave due weight to wealth, should give some weight even to the poorest class, if it were possible to frame such an arrangement, would disarm much disquieting criticism. But so long as the advocates for Reform struggle only for a naked lowering of the suffrage, they are likely to receive very little support from the educated classes. Thinking men may lament the anomalies by which our present system is disfigured; but to transfer the predominance in the State from the middle classes to the lower would be only to add one more anomaly to those that already exist, and one that is infinitely more dangerous than those it professes to supersede. The great advantage that has accrued from the failures of Mr. BRIGHT is, not that the question of Reform is likely to be eternally shelved, but that it will henceforward be discussed upon a more rational basis. The day is past for "love and confidence" Reformers of the category in which Lord HOUGHTON chooses to range himself. The discussions which Mr. BRIGHT has evoked, and the designs which he has unveiled, have pretty well convinced the educated classes that Reform is not a matter of sentiment, but a matter of business. It is a measure of which the gist is that it will give the power of taxation and of enforcing the rights of property to persons wholly different from those who possess it now. And that is a proceeding which must be judged of, not by sentiments and sympathies, but by the sober calculations of those who have property to protect.

AMERICA.

AFTER the advantages which have been obtained in Tennessee, it is not surprising that the war should, in the opinion of the North, appear to be almost concluded. The retreat of General MEADE behind the Rapidan will perhaps produce little impression, for the army of the Potomac is not accustomed to succeed in its enterprises. According to the official account, MEADE had recrossed the Rapidan because he found LEE's position too strong to be attacked. More detailed reports show that the Federal General was also influenced by still more cogent reasons. His head-quarters had been taken and destroyed; some of his trains were intercepted in his rear; and it was stated that the Confederates had defeated one of his divisions, and pursued it for several miles. In all probability, the army of the Potomac is sufficiently strong to defend its position, especially as the strip of Virginia which lies to the south of the river has long since been exhausted of all provisions and supplies; but it is very doubtful whether it would gain anything by adopting more active measures. The late campaign has apparently been conducted on both sides rather with a view to keep the enemy employed than for the purpose of effecting any more definite object. When General LEE last advanced, he would willingly have brought on a battle, which his adversary was probably well advised in declining. General MEADE has now done his part in the military performance, and the winter will afford a sufficient excuse to both parties for deferring further operations. The experience of the war has taught both belligerents that the most important field of operations lies to the west of the mountains. For more than a year, general attention was almost exclusively fixed on the armies in Virginia, but of late the valley of the Mississippi and the highlands of Tennessee have witnessed more decisive movements, and it is to General GRANT that the North now principally looks for the fulfilment of its confident hopes.

The report that the campaign in Tennessee is over for the winter will probably prove to be correct, unless LONGSTREET obtains some advantage over BURNSIDE or FOSTER. It appears that the operations in the neighbourhood of Chattanooga scarcely amounted to a battle, but the damage inflicted on the retreating army was equivalent to a serious defeat. The withdrawal of the Confederate forces, even if it had been safely accomplished, was in itself a confession of inferiority. The Federal army was evidently exposed to great difficulties after the battle of Chickamauga, notwithstanding the slowness of the pursuit; for, although the position of Chattanooga was strong, and perhaps impregnable, extreme distress was felt from the insufficiency of the land carriage for stores and especially for provisions. If the Confederates had been stronger or more active, General THOMAS would have been compelled to fall back to the North-West, and in his retrograde movement he would probably have been forced to fight at a disadvantage. General HOOKE's success at Bridgeport enabled the Federal steamers to approach several miles nearer to Chattanooga, although the batteries on Lookout Mountain still commanded the immediate access both by the river and the railway. It must be supposed that there were sufficient reasons for detaching LONGSTREET to attack BURNSIDE and Knoxville; and probably General BRAGG hoped to prevent the arrival of Federal reinforcements from the Mississippi. But, as soon as General SHERMAN joined the main army, it became necessary for the Confederates to retreat; and General GRANT deserves credit for the vigilance and activity with which he attacked their positions before they were completely evacuated. The pursuit was probably carried as far as circumstances allowed, and there can be no doubt that the newspaper reports of the Confederate losses have been greatly exaggerated. BRAGG's successor may, perhaps, safely wait in his present position while he repairs his losses, especially if he can preserve or re-establish his communication with LONGSTREET. In the meantime, however, Federal vessels or barges can bring supplies to the foot of the heights of Chattanooga, and General GRANT holds undisputed possession of the greater part of Tennessee. The spring campaign will commence three hundred miles from the base on which ROSENCRANZ depended a year ago. The winter months will probably be occupied in converting the occupation into a permanent conquest. Nevertheless, all the advantages obtained by the Northern troops may be neutralized, unless the Government can discover some effectual method of recruiting the army.

The City of New York has lately given a proof that the unanimity of Republicans and Democrats is subject to serious exceptions. At the election for the office of Mayor, it was supposed that the contest rested exclusively with the two factions which have lately vied with one another in professions of

enthusiasm for the preservation of the Union and for the war. The Republicans, who a year ago succeeded in returning Mr. OPDYKE, scarcely expected that their candidate, Mr. BLUNT, would obtain a majority, except by some accidental division among their opponents. The two sections of the regular Democratic party, which take their names from their respective places of meeting at Mozart and Tammany Hall, having patched up their internal dissensions, were confident of the success of Mr. BOOLE, who professed the fashionable doctrine of Union and war. To the extreme surprise of the politicians of all classes, both the party candidates were defeated by a professed partisan of peace in the person of Mr. GUNTHER. The name of the new Mayor indicates that he is a German, and his success shows that he is supported by the Irish. His own principles are well known, as he last year presided at the meeting where Mr. FERNANDO WOOD scandalized his opponents by denouncing the policy and justice of the war. Mr. GUNTHER's election means that the Germans and the Irish of New York have coalesced for the purpose of neutralising or resisting a fresh draft. As it was not convenient to declare openly in favour of peace, Mr. GUNTHER's supporters discovered that the regular Democratic candidate was born in Nova Scotia, under the English flag. A similar objection might, probably, have been raised to the greater number of the voters, who, nevertheless, answered to the appeal against voting for an Englishman. Mr. GUNTHER's American nationality is probably not less questionable, but electioneering partisans are not bound to be minutely consistent. The Mayor of New York, like all American functionaries, is chosen chiefly to prove that his supporters form a majority; but at present the chief of the Corporation may exercise a considerable influence over the public administration. In the course of last summer, Mr. OPDYKE offered a vigorous resistance to the ingenious municipal device of buying off the conscripts at the expense of the ratepayers. In his capacity of civic sovereign, he refused to sanction the grant of 3,000,000 dollars which had been voted for the relief of the men who had been drafted, with the purpose of baffling the policy of the Government. The Corporation would ultimately have exercised the power of passing the grant without the consent of the Mayor, if a compromise had not been effected which practically rendered the draft abortive. Mr. GUNTHER, when a similar occasion recurs, will cordially support the obstructive policy of the Corporation. The majority which returns him perhaps cares little for the restoration of peace, but the inhabitants of the Federal recruiting ground announce that they have no inclination to engage personally in the war. The preachers of the city, on the late Thanksgiving Day, probably expressed the predominant feeling of their well-dressed congregations when they proved, with rival eloquence, that Christianity consisted almost entirely in a belief in the Federal Constitution, and in thoroughgoing determination to prosecute the war. Mr. BEECHER especially has, since his return to America, exceeded all his previous performances by crowing and flapping his wings in honour of the most wonderful nation in either hemisphere. The Irishmen and Germans who do the hard work of New York are perhaps less consistent and patriotic, but their views of the expediency of enlisting are practically more important than the vain-glorious vociferation of preachers and party speakers. If it is found impossible to buy their services with bounties it will probably be unsafe or impossible to force them into the ranks of the army. The immigrants from Europe are more accessible than the residents to the offers of the recruiting officer, but the newly arrived Irish will soon learn to share the feelings of their more experienced countrymen. The Roman Catholic priests have, for various reasons, become opposed to the Republican cause, and the enlistment of negroes will furnish an additional excuse for reluctance to serve in the Federal army. It is remarkable that Governor SEYMOUR, who is certainly not zealously warlike, has lately announced his intention of sanctioning negro enlistments.

In a few days, the PRESIDENT's Message will probably explain the policy by which it is thought that the districts occupied by the Northern armies may be restored to the Union. It is perhaps anticipated that the devastation caused by the war may in some degree facilitate the task of governing a country by universal suffrage, in opposition to the unanimous wish of those by whom it was lately inhabited. The best men of the South, unless they have already perished in the war, are now in the ranks of the army. Among the residue will doubtless be found traitors, timeservers, and perhaps here and there a genuine friend of the Union. Elections protected, as in Maryland and Delaware, by an arbitrary test may easily be made to return Representatives and Senators pledged to Federal allegiance and, perhaps, to abolition. An army of occupation will be necessary to su-

perintend the working of free institutions; but in time the conforming party, swelled by immigration from the North, may possibly, in some instances, find itself in a real majority. If there are objections to the project, it would not be easy to devise a preferable alternative. If the South had submitted to superior force shortly after the Secession, it would have been powerful enough to defy, in matters of practical administration, the control or influence of the Central Government; but it is difficult to see that those outlying portions which have been since conquered or overrun have any means of resisting the preponderating force of the North. It is possible that the votes may be used, in the next Presidential election, to secure the return of Mr. LINCOLN, who, if he recovers his health, seems likely to be the Republican candidate.

THE INSANITY OF CRIMINALS.

THE murder case lately tried at Derby will do much to clear away some of the popular misconceptions which are afloat as to the legal value of the plea of insanity. The crime of GEORGE TOWNLEY was proved by the plainest evidence; indeed, the fact of the murder was admitted by the murderer. Nor was it attempted to deny that he knew that he was committing a crime. Nor was it attempted to deny that he could have helped committing it. The defence set up was that he was mad, yet perfectly aware of the nature of his act, and that his madness consisted in his inability to distinguish between moral good and evil—a doctrine which would eminently suit those intelligences who are said to proclaim, "Evil, be thou my good." It is quite true that Dr. FORBES WINSLOW, upon whose evidence the defence was grounded, expressed no opinion as to the sanity of TOWNLEY's mind on the 21st of August, the day of the murder, because he never saw him till the 10th of November; but, assuming that on the 21st of August he was in the same state of mind as he was on the 10th of November, Dr. FORBES WINSLOW deposed "that he was then" (as he is now) deranged in his intellect, and consequently "legally irresponsible." Dr. FORBES WINSLOW laid it down, in a summary and axiomatic way, that because TOWNLEY's moral sense was more vitiated than that of any other human being within the range of his experience—because TOWNLEY had no correct opinion on any moral point—therefore he was insane and irresponsible; consequently, though this was not expressed, he might commit any crime he pleased, simply because he did not believe in crime. What the defence seems to come to is this:—That the greater rogue a man is, the more entirely is he free from responsibility. To do him only justice, Dr. FORBES WINSLOW went in his evidence one step further than the usual advocates of the plea of moral insanity, but it was a logical step. Moral insanity is usually described as being an inability to distinguish between right and wrong; but TOWNLEY's alleged insanity was not said to consist in an inability to distinguish good from evil, but in a voluntary preference for the evil. It was admitted that he knew that his opinions were contrary to those of all the world, and that, if he followed them, they would subject him to punishment; but, with this knowledge full and fair in his mind, he chose to act upon them, and fly in the face of mankind and its laws. It was *ATHANASIUS contra mundum*. What has now been laid down as law will go far towards settling the controversy. It is the world and the security of society fairly pitted against a philosophical tenet. And, as it seems, the world, having the gallows to aid its views, will for the future have the best of the dispute. It may be very hard on such very rational philosophers as Mr. GEORGE VICTOR TOWNLEY to be confuted by imperious controversialists who conduct the argument with such ugly aids as Baron MARTIN and the power of summoning CALCRAFT; but it is an internecine conflict between thinkers of Mr. TOWNLEY's persuasion and human society. Either we must hang the gentlemen who hold that their lady-loves are their "property," and that they have a right to dispose of their property by inflicting death as they please—and, further, that they are prepared to put to death any and every body who may take what they choose to consider their property—and finally, that, being free agents, they have a perfect liberty to act as they please, irrespectively of any one else—either, we say, we must put the gentlemen who entertain these very clear and consistent views to death, or we must make up our minds to be put to death by them. There is no alternative. They must cut our throats, or we must strangle them. It is a coarse way of dealing with philosophers, but it is a practical one.

And this view of the matter, to which society is driven, is important, because it clears away a good deal of unpractical and superfluous talk. It gets rid, once for all, of

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what must, after this trial, be called a foolish term—the word insanity. No word, as Baron MARTIN observed, is more hopelessly vague than this. It has been well observed that lawyers—or rather the law—and physicians mean two very different things by insanity. Lawyers are only concerned with men's conduct; that is to say, society enacts a certain code by which, from the instinct of self-preservation, it chooses to circumscribe and limit the actions of its members. Medical science, if there is such a thing—though the collisions between its experts often lead us to doubt of its existence—only deals with the connexion between volitions of the mind and instrumental actions of the body. Medical science, arguing backwards, says that, when the soul or mind is obviously perverted, there must be some organic disease of the brain to account for this. Well, suppose we were to admit this, the further question arises, whether a man can, if he pleases, so resolutely and pertinaciously indulge in evil thoughts and passions as to affect his brain with disease. Modern science would probably admit that he can, but would again say that, if a man chooses to make himself insane, such a choice is in itself a proof of insanity. In other words, Dr. FORBES WINSLOW and experts of his school always argue in a circle. A man is mad if he holds immoral views, and, when he holds immoral views, to entertain them is sure to drive him mad. The law, as it stands now, declines to go into such nice verbal subtleties. The law simply inquires into a man's conduct. It ascertains that he performs all the ordinary actions of life in an intelligent way. It observes, for example, that in a particular case a man's family had treated him as perfectly sane and responsible, even though his aunt's aunt was supposed to be insane, and though his first cousin once removed was said to have been an inmate of a lunatic asylum. The law thinks it necessary to convince itself that a man knows very well what he is about, and knows what will come of a certain action on which he resolves; but there the law stops. Whether the man is, in a medical sense, insane or not, it does not care to inquire. If he is insane, it is not such insanity as removes him from the jurisdiction of the law. Dr. FORBES WINSLOW's speculations were therefore beside the real question. That eminent physician is a very religious and moral person; and when he sees a very immoral and irreligious person—one who is "beyond atheism," who is "incapable of reasoning correctly" "on any moral subject," and who "denies the existence of" "God and of a future world"—then this spectacle of depravity so shocks and horrifies him that he at once concludes the man must be mad. Dr. FORBES WINSLOW, it is true, while thus enlarging on the evidence of insanity afforded by the murderer's "moral perversion," quoted as an additional reason for believing him to be insane, some instances of what he termed "intellectual delusions." But these delusions, which it was not even argued were in existence at the time of the murder (such as that he was the victim of a conspiracy), were in themselves so trifling, and so entirely irrelevant to the question of responsibility, that they had, as they deserved, no weight with the jury or the judge.

Dr. FORBES WINSLOW is perfectly entitled to form his own estimate, scientific, religious, or sentimental, of insanity; but his psychological speculations are simply superfluous, and, speaking etymologically, impertinent to the issue before the Court. Only, let us remark, if Dr. FORBES WINSLOW's doctrines were accepted by mankind, his lunatic asylum would never be wanting in inmates. If all the atheists, and all the deniers of a future state, and all those who refuse to recognise moral sanctions, and all those who do not believe that such a thing as wickedness is possible, and all those chartered libertines who understand free agency as meaning perfect liberty to think and act as they choose, are *ipso facto* madmen, then all our gaols should at once be turned into Hanwells and Colney Hatch. GEORGE TOWNLEY very likely arrived, by an intelligible and perhaps not uncommon process, at that state where Dr. WINSLOW would discharge him from legal responsibility. At any rate, we could provide a course of ethical training by which his state of mind, whether sane or insane we care not, could be attained without much trouble. A good course of French novels, or even a diligent study of some English sensation fictions, would soon correct the delusion of the nursery, that a man is bound to listen to other dictates than those of his own passions. If we are to be familiarized with the notion that a very great crime, as the world chooses to call it, is only a matter of circumstance and unavoidable necessity, and that, as a man cannot help being brought into the world, so he cannot control the circumstances in the midst of which by no choice of his own he is placed, it will require no very lengthened process to argue that, as knives exist, and throats exist, and hands exist, there is no crime in so arranging hands, knives,

and throats that what the world absurdly chooses to call murder ensues. As to murder, of course a philosopher does not believe in it, cannot conceive of it. The relation of the sexes he views under his own lights—lights which come to him, and which he does not make. A wife or a sweetheart is a chattel, and a man has a right to do what he likes with his own. Ancient laws gave the power of life and death to parents. There are certain living communities which extend it to husbands. Mr. TOWNLEY would also extend it to lovers. "The woman who deceives me must die." It is a hard necessity, as in OTHELLO's case, to cut the throat of one I love, but a stern compulsion is laid upon me. I must vindicate my own moral system. I will do all that I can to make it pleasant. After the murder I will kiss the agonised lips of my victim, take her up tenderly, lift her with care, and enjoy a friendly cup of tea with her grandpapa after I have done to death the woman who has deceived me. This is my view of life and its duties. Admitted that it is not the common view; still it is mine, and "No man has a right to sit in judgment upon me." It may be no satisfaction to Dr. FORBES WINSLOW, though it may be some consolation to that society between whose opinions and those of certain French and English writers there unhappily exists a little difference, that Baron MARTIN has sat in judgment upon him, and has pronounced the sentence which the laws of God and man award to wilful and deliberate blood-shedding. To GEORGE TOWNLEY it may be "a matter of perfect indifference" "whether he is dead or alive;" but society feels a very lively and practical interest in the matter, and chooses to relieve itself, in a very practical way, of his peculiar teaching and consistent practice.

THE ENGLISH MIND.

AN article which we published some weeks back on "the Scotch Mind" was fortunate enough to attract the attention of one of its ablest organs—namely, the *Scotsman* newspaper. After many interesting remarks on our article, our courteous critic undertook to give the true reasons why the Scotch mind finds it difficult to sympathize with its English neighbour; and in doing so, he took occasion to make some observations on the English mind which are more commonly made on the Continent than in these islands. We English, so runs the charge, are the most insular of all human beings—as insular morally as we are geographically. As between us and the Scotch, by the way, the reproach of geographical insularity is rather curious, but let that pass. We dislike and condemn everything, without appeal or inquiry, it seems, if it is proved to be foreign. We are perfectly ignorant of foreign customs, as was shown, amongst other things, by certain misapprehensions of the technical language of Scotch law, chargeable on the *Saturday Review*, and by the criticisms of the *Times* on Scotch criminal procedure in the case of Jessie McLachlan. Above all, we are notorious all over Europe for our narrow and special way of viewing things. We know nothing of general language or broad principles, and take every opportunity of scoffing at them in others. This, of course, is the well-known Continental view. It is just what is said by every French newspaper and pamphlet. It is the appropriate remark to make when the despatches of Lord Russell are compared with those of the French Ministry. For years and years we have got to view its repetition as a matter of course; but from a critic who must excuse us for considering him as a countryman, such remarks are not quite commonplace, and when they are made they deserve a rather more careful criticism than they usually get.

First, then, is there either truth or justice in the pet phrase which describes us as an "insular" people? To treat the fact that we live in an island, or rather in part of one, as raising any sort of presumption that we are cut off from the rest of the world, is to fall into the miserable fallacy of Horace about the *oceanus dissociabilis*. Throughout the history of Europe the sea has been the great connector of nations. Till railways were invented, water carriage was much the easiest way of travelling for all purposes; and it is so far from being the case that we were cut off from other nations by our insular position that, in all probability, there was no nation in Europe which had so much intercourse with foreigners. In the year 1066, this country was conquered by a foreign army, composed partly of Norman Frenchmen, partly of adventurers from all parts of Europe. From the Conquest down to the time of Henry III., England formed only part of the dominions of its own kings, and often not the most important part. Till the reign of Edward III., our laws were made and our legal instruments were drawn up in a foreign language. In later times we have been far more intimately connected with the politics of France and Spain than either of those countries has been with the affairs of the other, and for the last two centuries we have been the greatest colonizers in the world. Of the subjects of Queen Victoria, those who speak the English language form to this day a minority, and not a very large one. In a word, no nation in the world has had so much business of every kind with so many different sorts of foreigners as the English nation, which is said to be so completely isolated and wrapped up in itself. Whichever way it may tell, it is but common candour to own that, if we are narrow-minded

and self-conceited, we sin against a greater amount of light and knowledge than any other people, for no nation ever had such varied experience of other men's ways of thinking and habits of life. The fact that we inhabit an island, and that that island is Great Britain, is so far from being an explanation, that it ought to be put forward as an aggravation of our faults. "These people live," it should be said, "on the greatest highway in the world. Within their own bounds there are three separate nations; they are close to France, near to Spain, opposite Belgium, within call of Germany and all the Scandinavian nations; their harbours are the points of departure for all intercourse between Europe and America, and they have stations for war and commerce all round the world. They have an enormous empire, and a still wider sphere of influence, in the East, and yet they are so narrow, so bigoted, so ignorant, that they judge everything by their own petty standard, and have no notion that any feelings or opinions except their own are to be found in the whole world."

The existence of such invincible bigotry is *a priori* so unlikely that it appears probable that, after all, there is some mistake about the matter; and there are some grounds for supposing that this is actually the case. It would be difficult to find any nation which has done so much in the way of reforming its institutions as England in the course of the last generation. Every sort of opinion has been put forward and made the basis of proposals for reform, more or less successfully, and it is altogether incorrect to say that we have, as a rule, refused to be guided by or to attend to the experience of other countries. For instance, when the present system of subsidizing schools was set on foot, the first step taken was to examine into foreign systems of popular education, and to take such parts of them as were considered suitable to our own circumstances. When it was supposed that our military system had broken down in the Crimean campaign, there was a universal anxiety to see how the French managed their army, and to learn from their example. When the French sent *La Gloire* to sea, we immediately began to build iron-plated ships. Nearly the whole of our law has been recast within living memory. Any one who understands the subject will admit that, in directing the operation, great attention has in many instances been paid to the practice of other countries. For example, the reports of the Criminal Law Commissioners are full of references to foreign codes. When the question whether public prosecutors ought to be established was considered, some years ago, before a Committee of the House of Commons, evidence was collected as to the practice of a number of foreign countries on that point. It would be no difficult matter to show that, at every period of English legal history, from the time of Bracton downwards, Roman law has exercised a considerable influence over judicial decisions, although it has not with us that binding force which attaches to it in many parts of Europe; and for a length of time American decisions have been freely quoted in our Courts. Indeed, it would be about as rational to assert that English people never travel as to say that we confine ourselves to our own experience, and know and care nothing for what is passing in foreign countries. Would the *Scotsman* assert, for instance, that our scientific men are cut off from all the world? that Sir Charles Lyell recognises no Continental fossils, that Mr. Owen never heard of Cuvier, that Mr. Tyndall's notions of glaciers are taken exclusively from marks on the hills in North Wales, that English mathematicians are unknown on the Continent, and that the British Association has no foreign members? When it is asserted that the first characteristic of an Englishman is narrow, local exclusiveness, and that Dr. Johnson ought to be regarded as the type of the English genius, it is as well to ask such questions. With great submission to the Scotch and other foreigners, we are not altogether a nation of unlicked cubs. There are people amongst us who both can and do read other languages than their own, and who address a wider audience than is to be found within the four seas.

The truth appears to be that the writer in the *Scotsman*, like many other critics of this country, takes for a characteristic of the national mind what is very little more than a matter of literary style, or at most an accidental and temporary peculiarity. It is perfectly true that there is on the Continent, and especially in France, a form of fine writing which we English cordially dislike, and which is not badly exemplified by the platitudes and counter-platitudes to be found in the French and Russian State papers about the Congress. The reason of our dislike is, not that we are averse to general truths, but that we consider such language affected nonsense, and not truth at all. General propositions are in their proper place in speculative writings, and plenty of them will be found in English works on subjects to which they are appropriate. What, for instance, can be more general and abstract than Ricardo's theory of rent, or Bentham's theory of morals, or Mr. Mill's theory of the functions of the syllogism? In writings meant for a temporary or practical purpose, generalities are almost always out of place. Practical discussions assume that the parties do not differ upon first principles. It is not to be supposed that a leading article or a despatch will change the fundamental principles of those for whom it is intended. Hence the enunciation of general principles in such a composition must be mere matter of vanity. When the Emperor of Russia talks to the Emperor of the French about reconciling history, the ineffaceable legacy of the past, with progress, the law of the present and future, and when the King of Italy says that the principles of nationality and liberty are the essence of the life of modern nations, they are not really thinking, but only bragging—just as much as Louis Napoleon himself bragged when he swaggered about being a *parvenu*, and

having learnt moderation in adversity. The reason why we English do not brag in this particular form—for we have, no doubt, ways of our own of showing our opinion of ourselves—is not difficult to assign. We are an extremely proud people, and do not at all like to be made to look foolish. We are also intensely critical. There is no nation in the world in which there is such entire freedom of speech and writing, and in which, on the whole, the class who speak and write are so fastidious and so highly educated. English criticism has lashed into mediocrity a great number of extravagant persons, and anything like extravagance or pretension in the language of public men would be so unmercifully ridiculed in this country that no one dares to resort to it. The plainness of our usual language is, in reality, a measure of the severity of the standard which prevails amongst us. To inquire why the standard is so severe would lead us too far for the limits of an article, but many reasons will suggest themselves to a fair observer which do not involve the strange conclusion that a nation which, at all events, may claim to be one of the great nations of the world is incurably narrow and stupid. In politics, where our alleged narrowness is most observable, we have outlived the period of generalities. There was a time when we used them freely. If any one wants to know what they were, and what was their value, he has only got to look over Bentham's Book of Fallacies, from which he may learn how far well-sounding phrases are to be trusted as guides to truth. The generalities on which the American Declaration of Independence was grounded were of English growth, and so were the speculations which led to them. We do not use such phrases now, because they do not suit us, and they do not suit us because experience shows that they are not true. The experience which shows that they are not true is that of nearly two generations spent in practical reforms of unequalled extent and importance.

Other causes might be assigned for our plainness of speech, but our critics really should try to find them out, instead of assuming that all we have done in the world is the work of narrow and stupid selfishness.

ARTISTIC FEELING.

AT almost every dramatic performance it is considered permissible to recall a favourite player at the end of the acts in which any special triumph has been won; but it seldom happens that this is done so pertinaciously, on so large a scale, or in so ludicrous a way as it is done at present during the performance of *Bel Demonio* at the Lyceum. The piece itself is rambling and incoherent, and affords no scope for the finer style of Mr. Fechter's playing. But it is full of striking situations, abounds in appeals to the sentiments of pity, fear, and tenderness, and offers the very rare spectacle of elaborate and impassioned lovemaking between a really good actor and an actress who is pleasant to look at and to hear. This pair are well supported by a stern father of the lady, and a boon companion of the gentleman. So that four people please the audience, and are summoned to come before the curtain at frequent intervals. Nothing, in an artistic point of view, can be more absurd. One moment we see the father cursing his fainting daughter, the lover leaping out of window, the boon companion pinking half a dozen of the stern father's retinue; and the next moment all these four people come close to us, taking hold of hands, bowing, smirking, and the most admirable friends with each other. They retire, and the curtain in a few minutes draws up to disclose them again cursing, fainting, leaping, and fighting. No people that had the slightest sense of the artistic would dream of enduring such a thing. But the Lyceum audience, which is for the most part wealthy, educated, and respectable, does not care at all about the artistic and the harmonious; it does as it pleases, and stops the play to look at the players. When we remember how much has been written about the conditions and exigencies of dramatic art, and then see an English audience so wholly careless of the first principles of artistic harmony and sense, we naturally begin to ask who it is that are really artistic, how far people of a good ordinary education have any sense of art at all, and how far their shortcomings are to be regretted. The Lyceum audience knows what it likes, and takes care to get it; nor is it inclined to abandon its tastes because they are theoretically incongruous. It wants the amusement of a dramatic performance—the plot, the stir, the scenery; and it also likes to have a good stare at so accomplished an actor as Mr. Fechter, and at so graceful an actress as Miss Kate Terry. It gets the combination it seeks, and perhaps, if it gave up the unartistic stare, it would be no happier, or wiser, or better, except in that remote and imperceptible way in which people may always be said to be better by having something intrinsically good forced on them, instead of being allowed to choose something intrinsically bad.

Few persons have any artistic feeling. Men have ordinarily some perception of the beauties of music, of painting, and of good public buildings. It is a very faint perception, but at least it has vitality so far that no one can say where it begins or where it ends. But directly the artistic is separated from one of the great and obvious arts, it has no existence for any but a very small proportion of mankind. There is, for example, the art of eating and drinking. No one can deny that there is something artistic, a delicate sense of relations, correspondences, and proprieties, to be observed in the making of dishes, and the combination of food and wine. Any one whose palate is in a slight degree cultivated can be easily taught to recognise these harmonies, and to enjoy them.

It is a curious fact that they exist, and if the attention is sufficiently directed to them, their existence seems infinite and varied. It is true that the artistic means here nothing more than the discovery of facts which seem accidental and small. It is a minute and unaccountable fact that chablis harmonises with oysters, and that claret goes well with mutton. But if these harmonies are noticed, there is a certain pleasure in practically perceiving them. And as gross and careless feeding impairs the power of rapidly perceiving and of keenly enjoying these harmonies, and as the palate can be trained to an artificial liveliness just as the hand of the painter can, those who set themselves to relish artistic cookery are obliged to exercise something of that self-control, and that single-minded search after a definite and absorbing aim, which appear to be inseparable from the cultivation of art. But the generality of men have no notion whatever of artistic cookery, even when they are in the way of it, and might enjoy it if they could; it is a mere blank to them. Certain common perennial fitnesses suffice them; such as the knowledge that mustard goes with beef, and turnips with boiled mutton. But neither their knowledge nor their enjoyment of these fitnesses can be said to be artistic. They eat what they like when they are hungry, and they enjoy it. They like the food and they like the appetite, and they take what comes across them, exactly as the Lyceum audience, without troubling itself about spoiling all dramatic illusion, first likes to see the lovers and the angry parent in the gloomy scenes of feudal strife, and then likes to see the same people come forward, all in perfect happiness and friendship, as favourite performers. It is evident that it would cost an almost equal effort, and one equally unrewarded, to make this audience of decent, wealthy persons understand the drama and to make them understand cookery, and it may be contended that they get on very well without understanding either.

The same result appears in another way, if we look at a sphere where ordinary people seem to have some taste for art and some interest in it. In no department of art, probably, has so much progress been made among respectable English families in recent years, as in church building and church decoration. No change has been more beneficial in a small way than that which has led the rich and the comfortable to take an interest in church architecture, instead of in purely secular fancies or in remote schemes of religious usefulness. It ennobles the vulgarity and the prose of common life, when persons without much mind or feeling embrace the idea that money is well spent in decorating the House of God, and understand that to decorate it properly requires a special knowledge. But it must not be supposed that they rise to a sense of the artistic merely because they take an unfeigned interest in some of the details of architecture. Art is to them not a development of mental faculties, but an occupation, a mode of employing their energies, their means, and their time. They associate themselves with a visible building which they know; they join in the ecclesiastical talk on the subject; they feel all the pleasure of exchanging total ignorance for superficial knowledge on a topic of general interest. It is the beauty of church architecture that a church is never finished; there is always a window, or a pillar, or a part of the roof, that wants something doing to it. Even if a church, by any curious freak of fortune, should be finished, it is always open to the enthusiastic to propose to pull it down and build another in a slightly different style. No one who understands rural life in England can think lightly of all this, or fail to sympathise heartily with aspirations so moderate, so natural, so beneficial, as those which this church-building excites. But there is not an approach to anything artistic in all this feeling. There is nothing of that peculiar sense of beauty which has its home in the minds of those who comprehend the mysteries of architecture. A lady who gives a painted window may do a good work to herself and others. She has the unfeigned satisfaction of dedicating a fraction of her wealth to Heaven: She brightens the place of public worship; she may perhaps be guided into helping to carry out the design of some one with a sense of art. But she herself is no more artistic, has no more insight into art, unless she happens to be gifted with special personal instincts, than if she were giving a cricket-ground to the good young men, or a tea to the good young women of the parish.

It is, however, a great mistake to suppose that art does nothing for those whom it does not make artistic. Miss Braddon, who knows something of the subject, remarks, in the most recent of her novels, that the population in the neighbourhood of a theatre—the respectable playgoing population, that is, of a humble class—are generally tender-hearted and sympathetic, and are prepared by their favourite melodramas to see virtue beneath the cover of rags, and to defend and admire suffering and struggling innocence. The Lyceum audience has a pleasant and satisfactory and well-spent evening, although it does insist on calling bitter foes and despairing lovers from their death-struggles in order to have a good stare at them. A population in which art was dead, as the experience of parts of modern Italy has shown, might become rotten, mean, and purposeless to a degree which is impossible while the salt of honest laborious art is still to be found in the community. The circles that spread from any centre of great moral or intellectual endeavour are infinite, and no one can say where the influence of a superior artist ceases, even among those who never heard his name or saw one of his works. But we must be content to see these far-reaching consequences of art separated from that arrival at a conscious artistic perception which is one of the chief rewards of those who devote themselves with adequate capacity to the pursuit of any branch of art. It may be doubted

whether any people ever existed that deserved in the mass to be called artistic. For by artistic we mean the possessing a definite perception of how things must be arranged on the principles of art; and where large bodies of men have worked together in the production of works of art, they seem always to have been united as by a kind of instinct. There arise at once in a nation the minds to frame great ideas in art and the hands to execute these ideas. The historians of architecture are obliged frequently to pause and to express their wonder that at certain epochs men were found who seemed all at once to know what was to be done, and how to do it. In after times, men have set themselves to reason on the productions of art, and not only can express what they see in the language of fixed rules, but learn to create on a small scale by a mere process of deduction, and to understand what are the possibilities on which they may reckon, and the directions in which conscious and regulated work can be fruitful. Such men are artistic, and strengthen their artistic feeling by cultivation. But it is only by a laborious intellectual process that they make any progress, and it is not the ordinary effect of works of art to stir the mind up to undergo such a process. This is too often forgotten, and it is tacitly assumed that art will make the masses artistic. So far as experience guides us hitherto, this is a delusion. Art produces on the student of art a totally different impression from that which it produces on those who merely witness in a superficial manner its exterior results. By slow degrees in an educated and healthy society, men of artistic feeling manage to subject the community to the canons which they think true, but they only do this in a rude and imperfect degree. It may come to be thought absurd that there should be such invasions of the rules of art as delight the Lyceum audience, and it may be accepted as a dogma that to bring the principal performers smirking to the foot-lights in the middle of a piece is a pure barbarism. But then this will be merely a dogma, and we must not suppose that more than a very small fraction of those who bow to it will have any real artistic feeling. Such a feeling can only be the result of apt natural gifts combined with serious and prolonged work, and can therefore never belong to more than a small minority of mankind.

WIVES.

LIKING is said to go by contraries. This is just one of those mischievous half-truths which cause a great deal of unhappiness. It is quite true that a man is often enamoured of qualities diametrically opposite to his own. Familiarity with his own habits of thought and tone of feeling breeds a certain sort of contempt for himself. It is a relief to escape from the monotony of introspection. A character stamped with none of the features of his own excites curiosity and interest. It is like exchanging the weariness of a thrice-told tale for a fresh and piquant page in the book of human nature. Gushing schoolgirls, when they yield to this fascination, call it "meeting their fate." But the natural tendency to admire most in others the qualities wanting in oneself is too often pushed to a dangerous extreme. It is vaguely supposed by many that dissimilarity of character and tastes must, as a matter of course, be the basis, or a necessary ingredient at least, of any enduring attachment. Misled by this delusion, they fling to the winds the only solid and reasonable guarantees of happiness, and quit firm ground to follow the treacherous guidance of a mere will of the wisp. A man cannot be guilty of a greater folly than that of seeking to find in the person of a friend a complete contrast to himself. And most of all is this true in the case of the highest form of friendship—marriage. Nothing leads to so many ill-assorted unions as a romantic admiration for qualities unlike one's own. It does not follow that the chances of happiness in conjugal life are increased by the choice of a partner who is a mere echo of oneself. The wise course is to be guided in such a selection by the dictates of an enlightened selfishness. Marriage ought to be not merely an accession of happiness, but an accession of moral strength, and the qualities which can impart this are the only ones which it is essential to secure in a life companion. The sympathy which he is conscious of wanting for the proper development of his powers, the endowments of heart or head which supplement or balance his own deficiencies—these are what a prudent man counts on finding in one who is to become, by a legal fiction, a part of himself. A melancholy temperament requires to be cheered and inspirited, a diffident nature to be encouraged, a reserved one to be drawn out, an impetuous one to be soothed and checked. Viewed aright, marriage is the beginning of a curative process for these and many more flaws of idiosyncrasy. For all such the wife-cure is the best of all possible treatments. The question, then, for an intending husband, is not what is the best sort of wife in the abstract, but what is the best wife for him individually, regard being had to the special requirements of his nature. Does he stand in need of a being to manage, assist, or worship him? Does he want a pushing, helpful, or adoring wife? When this all-important point is ascertained, a wise choice may be made.

Wives may be divided into three great classes—the wife dominant, the wife co-operative, and the slave wife. There are many varieties of the wife dominant. There is the common vixen or terragant, to begin with, such as was Xantippe, or Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, or the navy's wife immortalized by Lord Derby in the House of Lords. Happily for mankind, this species is

limited to a small number by the comparative rarity of those physical endowments on which it relies. Next, there is the intellectually dominant species. A married woman of commanding intellect is apt to encroach on her husband's prerogative. If she is in the habit of writing mathematical or astronomical treatises, if she spends her days in reading papers at Social Science meetings, and giving evidence before Committees of the House of Commons, she will inevitably gain the upper hand, unless her husband has the wit to beat her at her own weapons, and save his authority by a timely pamphlet on the Currency question or the Quadrature of the Circle. Thirdly, there is the wife who governs her husband by superior strength of will rather than superior powers of mind. A resolute woman is a dominant wife in the bud, but the arts by which her dominion is established are as various as the natural ingenuity of the sex is infinite. Some wives find an efficacious instrument in the accurate knowledge which the unrestricted confidences of the matrimonial relation enable them to acquire of their husbands' raw points. It is possible to rule a man by constantly treading on his corns, or probing his tender places, when by the hypothesis, as in the case of marriage, he cannot possibly escape. There are few Englishmen who can boast of being wholly devoid of that shame which our lively neighbours rightly call "bad." They are so silly as to betray, on some point or other, a morbid sensitiveness. They are ashamed, perhaps, of their profession, or their poor relations, or their own antecedents. It is torture to the High Church rector to be twitted with his Dissenting progenitors. The mushroom county grandee shrinks from any memento of the time when he trotted his rounds as the bailiff of my lord's estate. The man who has risen by trade would fain consign to oblivion his honourable connexion with the shop. Whatever be the besetting weakness or foible, a sharp-sighted wife instinctively grasps it, and erects, if she be so minded, a solid dominion thereupon. She makes her husband tractable by continually making him wince. Or she gains the ascendant by another method—that of calmly, but systematically, depreciating all that he says or does. She makes him feel that he is a good sort of man in his way, but that his way is to be dull, commonplace, and humdrum. Don't let him attempt to attract observation, least of all to be amusing or facetious in society. His jokes are sure to be pointless, his anecdotes twaddling, and both are received with an habitual air of pitying silence. If he ventures at an evening party to sing a ballad, or take part in a charade, he reads a silent but expressive protest in his wife's eyes. He is made to feel, in short, that the thread of sufferance on which his social position depends is very slight, and may at any moment be snapped. Far different are the arts by which the nobler kind of dominant wives maintain their superiority. There is a wife who owes the moral ascendancy which she possesses over her husband only to her own fine tact. She rules him by the exquisite skill with which she preserves his self-respect unimpaired. Her knowledge of his character she uses not for any selfish ends of her own, but with a single view to his happiness. Not a day passes that she does not firmly, but unobtrusively, interpose to save him from some deed or word that might leave a sting of regret, or tend to lower him in his own eyes, or in the eyes of others. By her keen sense of the ridiculous she prevents his becoming the object of ridicule, and by her womanly forethought a thousand petty vexations are removed from his path. She scents instinctively the coming annoyance, and if she cannot parry the stroke, she adroitly neutralizes its effect. In society, when the conversation drifts towards his crotchet, she gives it a dexterous turn, and keeps it from trenching on dangerous ground. By a look or a smile of intelligence she allays the rising feeling of irritation when he hears a friend abused or himself flatly contradicted. There are few men who cannot be effectually managed by being consistently kept in good humour and inwardly satisfied with themselves. The gratitude which they feel towards a being at their side who prevents them every day from saying or doing silly things soon ripens into deference and submission. For the protection thus acquired they are even willing to abridge somewhat of their marital dignity, but this is a sacrifice which a discreet wife never calls on them to make. But power is not always employed wisely or well. There is a dominant wife who is actuated by less pure motives. The noble has often a counterpart in the base, and just as there is a wife who rules by means of an exquisite tact, sharpened by disinterested affection, so there is one who maintains her position by the weapon of petty intrigue alone. Perhaps there is no such field for sordid scheming as that which a second marriage presents to an unprincipled woman. Lady Tartuffe must be a step-mother to reveal in their full extent the profound selfishness and low cunning of which the female bosom is sometimes capable. She must have a doating old septuagenarian to hoodwink and mystify, a train of handsome young men to pay her the attentions which it is the fashion of the day for young matrons to exact, and an outer circle of acquaintance—half-fashionable, half-religious—to be deluded by her specious ways into thinking her a paterfamilias wife and mother. It is not every one who can follow out day by day three separate but intertwining threads of hypocrisy—who can impose on her husband by a system of unscrupulous misrepresentation, on her male admirers by veiling a heart intent on lucre beneath an interesting air of languor and melancholy, and on society by pretending to discharge the duties of her station with exemplary devotion, while much more sacred duties are secretly disregarded. It wants that combination of the serpent and the dove—the cold, calculating, mercenary heart disguised under soft insinuating manners—which is the distinctive

feature of the wife who rules by petty intrigue. Intellectually, indeed, she is a poor creature, formidable in nothing but her indifference to truth and honour. The guiding principle of her family tactics, which is to isolate her husband from every influence counter to her own, and to allow him to see through her eyes alone, is in itself an admission of weakness. Bolder schemers court an antagonist, and disdain the cowardice which crawls and creeps to its ends by burrowing in the dark.

There are two kinds of co-operative wives. There is the wife who relieves her husband by taking on herself the exclusive responsibility for the household and its concerns; and there is the wife who, treating domestic affairs as placed in commission, receives from her husband advice and help in regard to them, while she imparts to him, in return, advice and help in regard to his professional work or pursuits. The one bases her view of her position on the principle of the division of labour; the other adopts a system of indefinite reciprocity. The one would localize such institutions as the kitchen, nursery, and housekeeper's room, and would deal summarily and without appeal with the petty problems which continually press for solution in one or other of those departments. The other claims the right of referring in all such matters for instructions to the centre and fountain of domestic authority, while her husband, in return, may have recourse, as often as he finds convenient, for help to her. Both systems have their advantages and their evils. It is a reproduction in miniature of the controversy about the comparative merits of centralization and independent local institutions. The wife who eases her husband altogether of the teasing worries of the household not only acquires, by being thrown on her own resources, an excellent habit of self-reliance, but leaves her fellow-worker free to pursue his loftier avocations with more spirit and less interruption. She is like one of our thriving English boroughs which mends its own roads and lights its own streets, leaving all questions of high policy to the imperial government. On the other hand, a wife who refers to her husband in all the petty details of domestic economy may be compared to a fussy little French commune where, if a dog gets unmuzzled or the cocks crow louder than usual, the Mayor telegraphs to Paris, or the Prefect, for instructions. A man cannot pass his life in an atmosphere of littleness without deterioration. Even a fine mind, when pinned to little things, becomes dwarfed and contracted, and this result is to be apprehended when a husband has no larger interests than the minutiae of household management, or when these are continually forced upon his thoughts. A poet will soon lose his inspiration if his mind is continually harassed with the weekly bills, and a public man will not take a larger and more statesmanlike view of the European situation for being perpetually invoked to arbitrate between squabbling housemaids. This, then, is the danger of importing into the matrimonial estate the system of unlimited mutual aid, instead of a separate distribution of functions. Daily contact with the details of housekeeping is not good for a man. On the other hand, a wife, if she is clever, may give her husband valuable assistance in his own line of work. It is much better that she should help him so than that he should help her in the management of the house.

There remains the slave wife. We call her so, when all notion of conjugal duty is sunk in the one thought of how she may ingratiate herself with her husband. Practically, the woman who devotes herself to this amiable endeavour never subsides into the position of a wife; she is a lover all her life. She never lives down her first impressions of the partner of her choice. She never sees him as he really is, but always bathed in the roseate hues of the days of courtship, or with the halo of the honeymoon encircling his brow. Others may see in him nothing but common clay, but to her he is a divinity, to execute whose commands, to anticipate whose slightest wants, to bask in whose smile, and to crouch at whose feet is her privilege and her pride. There is something almost touching in her restless anxiety to please her lord, in her study of his favourite colour, his favourite book, his favourite song, his favourite dish. Her toilette is regulated by a strict conformity to his canons of taste, and, if he thinks her dress pretty, she is in a flutter of delight. Many are the afternoon visits she pays with the mere view of picking up a little gossip to amuse him on his return at dinner. Her efforts to identify herself with his pursuits are incessant. It is hardly too much to say that she would willingly go through fire and water if she could enjoy his company in her passage through either of those elements. She will even go so far (such is woman's devotion) as to allow him to flirt with pretty young ladies, for fear the poor fellow should feel dull or moped, while she herself looks on at the proceedings with angelic placidity.

Such a wife is the product of a refined and luxurious age. She is not to be found among the poor, for the simple reason that the poor cannot afford themselves luxuries, animate or inanimate, and a wife of the slave type is a mere appendage of luxury. Dominant wives, on the contrary, abound among the lower classes. The superior culture and intelligence of woman give her a natural advantage over the rough sons of toil. No one can mingle among the poor without discovering what a formidable personage "the missis" often is. There is, for instance, whether misplaced or not, a blind faith in her financial ability, and the sturdy labourer generally pauses over a bargain until it be ratified by his acuter half. But the majority of wives among the poor are strictly co-operative; they work in the house, while the husbands work abroad.

MR. GOODWIN ON HIERATIC PAPYRI.

THE late Sir George Cornwall Lewis, after an ostensible sifting of the evidences of Egyptian history, satisfied himself that next to nothing could be known about the Egypt of antiquity, and that there was no reason for thinking any of the monuments existing there in the time of Herodotus to be of earlier date than the building of Solomon's Temple, B.C. 1012. The real strength of this opinion lay in the denial of the discovery of the Egyptian writing and language. Assuming that no use whatever could be made by scholars of the hieroglyphical inscriptions which cover the temples, tombs, and rocks of Egypt, it was not difficult to show that darkness must cover the land; for, Herodotus, Diodorus, and Manetho being irreconcilably discordant, a rigid principle of historic criticism prescribed their being put aside altogether as guides. Admitting, however, that the hieroglyphics can be read even partially, the whole of this reasoning becomes idle, because, if that be so, we possess in the Egyptian inscriptions a series of contemporary records such as no other country in the world can show, and the possibility of classifying them, and drawing some deductions as to their relative positions in time, becomes evident. The only way of meeting arguments like those of Sir George Lewis is to point to results which have actually been obtained, and invite the sceptic to examine for himself. No discovery of a scientific law can be made credible to those who doubt, and at the same time omit to go through the mental steps by which the nature and existence of the law alone can be seen. It is not too much to say that a few hours spent on Champollion's grammar, that masterpiece of lucidity and method, are enough to convince any ordinary mind that the laws of hieroglyphical writing are there truly marked out. Recent science has certainly no more beautiful example of that application of law to the chaos of facts by which a highly organized cosmos is made to spring at once out of the densest confusion.

To those who decline to take the trouble of examining a science for themselves, the results produced by adepts may sometimes be sufficient to work conviction of the genuineness of the processes used; but it has been an unfortunate feature in Egyptology that among its small band of votaries notorious discord has prevailed. It is, however, true that there are in Europe at least ten men—there may be double that number—who, studying the Egyptian language and writing on fixed principles, can be brought to agree upon the interpretation of most Egyptian texts quite as nearly as any ten Hebrew scholars would agree upon that of a Hebrew one on which difference of opinion was possible. We are not aware whether this has been ever formally brought to the test for the satisfaction of sceptics, as was done in the case of a cuneiform inscription submitted simultaneously to Dr. Hincks, Mr. Fox Talbot, and M. Oppert, and of which they produced independent translations, substantially the same. But an instance of the kind has been brought forward by Mr. Goodwin, in two papers recently read to the Society of Antiquaries, of which the subject was a set of papyri of great antiquity, lithographed in the last volume of the great Prussian work, *Denkmäler Ägyptens* (1860). Mr. Goodwin applied himself to the decipherment of these papyri during the present year, and a well-known French Egyptologist, M. Chabas of Chalon-sur-Saône, about the same time undertook the same task. The two decipherers worked in ignorance of each other's labours, and M. Chabas published during November the result of his investigations. The papyri in question are four in number, and M. Chabas's translations only extend to a part of two of them. Mr. Goodwin has analysed and translated nearly the whole. The grand fact is that, so far as M. Chabas' translations go, they are substantially the same as those of Mr. Goodwin, and in many long passages they agree minutely. Such differences as exist depend partly upon the bad writing of the manuscript, which the two interpreters have read differently, and partly upon their fragmentary state, the commencements and other parts being wanting; so that a certain latitude is left for conjecture as to the exact meaning of some passages. The contents of these papyri are of the highest interest, and strongly negative the assertion that the Egyptians were destitute of history or literature. The first one described by Mr. Goodwin contains the adventures of a person who lived in the days of the earliest kings of the twelfth Egyptian dynasty, under which Thebes became the metropolitan city of Egypt, circa B.C. 2400. The narrative is written in the first person. The beginning is lost, but it appears that the narrator Saneha (or Sineh) was a man of Northern or Asiatic extraction, born in Egypt, who had arrived at promotion under King Amenemha, and who fell into disgrace through some matters laid to his charge by envious courtiers. The narrative describes the perplexity and dismay in which he was, and his determination to take flight. He finds a boat on the river, in which he embarks alone, and arrives at the frontier town of Egypt, Elephantine. Here he leaves the boat, and takes to his feet, and after a walk of some days reaches a fortress which the king had built to defend the Egyptian territory from the marauding desert tribes. He continues his journey south, and narrowly escapes dying of thirst. When nearly exhausted, the sound of cattle suddenly falls on his ears, and he finds himself in the presence of one of the wandering dwellers in the wilderness. This person treats him hospitably, refreshes him with water and milk, and gives him guides to lead him further on. He reaches a place called Atma, which seems to be the furthest point to which the power of the King of Egypt at this time extended.

From thence he goes to a neighbouring country called Tenu, the ruler of which is in the habit of entertaining foreigners, and particularly Egyptians, at his Court, and who is delighted by the new arrival. He questions the stranger about the Theban king, the reports of whose splendour had begun to penetrate this remote region. The traveller gives a long account of the condition of Egypt, dwelling in a highly flattering way upon the character of the king's son, who became his successor, and in whose reign it may be concluded that the memoir was written. He agrees to stay with his hospitable entertainer, who proceeds to give him his eldest daughter in marriage, together with a fine estate producing every necessary of life, and numerous dependents. In short, he rises to the summit of success, and sees a family of the highest promise grow up about him. Here occurs a curious episode. A certain warrior or bully of Tenu comes to his house and challenges him to fight, each man to stake the whole of his possessions, if not his life, upon the issue. Although not so young and active as he was, Saneha accepts the challenge, and furnishes up his arms, which had long lain rusty, for the combat. The whole country turns out to witness the fight. The result is in favour of Saneha, who, after his enemy has spent all his darts, sends a javelin into his neck, and causes him to cry for mercy. The compatriots of the conqueror raise a shout of triumph. The bully is banished, and Saneha takes possession of his property, which was very considerable. Feeling age coming upon him, Saneha wishes to return to Egypt, that he may be buried in the land of his nativity. He writes to the king, to relate his fortunes, and to beg for pardon and permission to return. We now get a verbatim copy of King Amenemha's letter in reply, in which he tells Saneha to consider bygone as bygones, and promises him the highest distinctions if he chooses to come to Egypt. A copy of the answer to this is given, with a detailed account of the preparations made by Saneha for his journey. He distributes his fortune among his children, the bulk going, however, to his eldest son. The friendly nomads who were his guides through the wilderness in the days of his adversity come to wish him farewell, and he shows himself not forgetful of their kindness. A royal cortege, with boats loaded with presents, is sent to conduct him to Egypt. At the frontier he is met by distinguished officers, who bring him to the presence of the king. Here his valour forsakes him, and he falls flat on his face, not knowing, as he declares, whether he was dead or alive. The king orders an officer to pick him up, that he may speak to him. Some words take place, in private apparently. Saneha puts himself entirely in the king's hands, admitting that it was very wrong in him to run away as he did. The king then produces him to the queen and Court, and makes the remark that he had fled from Egypt as an Amu (Asiatic), but had come back as a Sek (nomad). This is perhaps meant for a joke, or an allusion to the change in colour that the absence of many years in the South had produced upon Saneha. The courtiers do not understand the king's intentions, and officiously raise a unanimous cry of condemnation. The king promptly silences their hostility, and inflicts a fine upon the mistaken accusers. He pronounces Saneha free from all blame, and tells him that he has nothing to fear. In conclusion, the writer describes his installation in a handsome palace, with every accommodation, and the building of his tomb, which was commenced without delay, and over which the king placed a gilded image of the intended occupant. Finally, he says that he lived in the king's favour until the latter's death.

Such is a brief outline of the narrative which is contained in rather more than three hundred lines of Egyptian text. It is told with great simplicity, and contains touches of nature which give it all the air of truth. M. Chabas' translation only extends to about a third of the narrative, and, as we have said, agrees in the main points with that of Mr. Goodwin. One principal point of difference between these scholars—which, however, does not depend upon any difference of translation—is that M. Chabas supposes the flight or expedition of Saneha to have been to Edom, which he finds in the name Atma, while Mr. Goodwin believes it to have been to Ethiopia. The view of M. Chabas, if it can be supported, is doubtless the more interesting one, and deserves careful consideration. If it be correct, Saneha's voyage must have been made on a canal running eastward towards Suez, or even across the Red Sea itself.

The history of the twelfth dynasty is known to us with considerable exactness, as more than a hundred dated monuments remain of the various sovereigns who compose it, together with many more undated which illustrate profusely the state of Egypt at this period. The dates are only those of regnal years, and of course afford no means of fixing the year when the series commenced; but B.C. 2400 seems by no means an exaggerated date, and some Egyptologists, Dr. Brugsch for instance, place it much earlier (B.C. 2812). Be this as it may, it is evident that we have here an addition to the world's history relating to an exceedingly remote period of time. Nor does the view which is opened to us by any means close here. The city of Thebes was the heiress of the art and science of Memphis, the tombs of whose early kings and their subjects remain still to furnish us with information as to their powers and skill. Mr. Goodwin drew a parallel between the history of Egyptian art and of that of Europe. Not only the most colossal works, but those which adhere most closely to nature, belong to the earliest period, which may be compared (not for absolute excellence, but relatively) to that of Pericles. The art of the twelfth dynasty was to that of the pyramid period as that of the Cæsars was to that of Greece in its

palmy days. Shortly after the twelfth dynasty, an incursion of Asiatics, a warlike and half-barbarous tribe, took place, and for centuries Egyptian art flagged, so that of this period we have scarcely any remains. The invaders were expelled about B.C. 1600, and then a *renaissance* took place, and the grand temples of Karnak and Medinet-Habou attest the power of the kings who once more ruled Egypt from one end to the other, and even extended their conquests far into Asia. Great artistic skill and wonderful power over materials is exhibited; but art had now become a fixed tradition, and nature was no longer the chief instructor. These leading facts have been recognised, but it is singular, considering the immense attention which has been paid to Egypt, and the number of drawings that have been made of its sculptures, that no work has yet treated the history of its art systematically. A want of confidence in the expounders of the inscriptions and in the conclusions of chronologists, who have embittered the subject with angry strife, is perhaps the cause of this. The *odum chronologicum* has certainly rivalled all the rest in fury. There are signs of a better temper beginning to prevail, and the successful decipherment of such documents as the narrative of Saneha will tend to promote this by giving substance and life to the shadowy lists of kings, the barrenness of whose annals has been made a ground for denying their existence altogether, and by furnishing something more interesting than dates for historians to discuss.

Mr. Goodwin's second paper describes the remainder of the papyri—one containing a fragment of a poetical composition, and two others a tale, of which the subject is placed in a very remote period of Egyptian history, though the manuscript is by the same hand as the first papyrus. This tale, imperfect at the beginning and end, relates to a farmer who is oppressed and plundered by his landlord or superior officer, and who appeals to the governor of the district for justice. The governor refers the matter to the king, who suggests a very severe method of testing the veracity of the farmer, and orders that everything that he says shall be put down in writing, and brought for the royal consideration. Then follows a long series of remonstrances from the farmer, who appeals to the eternal principles of justice and right, and lays down a vast deal of sound law. The conclusion of the tale is lost, but we may suppose that truth triumphed in the end. The tale cannot be considered strictly historical, being obviously written for the purpose of embodying the rhetorical discourses which form its bulk. As a picture of the ideas and manner of the period it is highly interesting, and has thus an historical value, whether the basis be true in fact or no. M. Chabas has also translated the earlier or narrative portion of this composition, and here again the most complete accord prevails between him and Mr. Goodwin as to the leading particulars. Discrepancies exist as to some doubtful words which can only be guessed at, but the identity of results is sufficient to show that the translators have worked upon fixed principles, and that they have, in short, a real knowledge, be it greater or less, of the language.

It is to be regretted that a large number of historical papyri which have been brought to light are allowed to remain unread, and are inaccessible to those who would be willing to undertake the task of reading them. The vast discoveries of M. Mariette have been little utilized hitherto. We only know that large accumulations have been made of materials for illustrating the earliest Egyptian history. Dr. Brugsch's *Histoire de l'Égypte* is the first attempt that has been made to assemble the results of the last forty years' researches into a readable connected whole. But much more remains to be done, and the labourers, though gradually increasing in number and daily advancing in that power over materials which arises from combined, well-directed efforts, are still too few.

MR. JUSTICE SHEE.

APPPOINTMENTS to the Bench of late years have been so uniformly good that the selection of the right man to fill a vacant judgeship is not often supposed to call for any special commendation. We take it for granted that the great prizes of the Bar will be given to those who have fairly won them by their character and success as advocates, and it is very rarely that the expectation is disappointed. The appointment passes as a matter of course, as something almost inevitable, and no one imagines that there is any occasion to congratulate the Government on the conscientious performance of a duty which it would be disgraceful to neglect. But the selection of Serjeant Shee to fill the post left vacant by the sudden death of Justice Wightman is something more than the choice of the advocate who, by common consent, had the first claim to the promotion. A judicial appointment which has won the cordial approval of the profession stands in need of no apology or commendation; but the first occasion on which a Roman Catholic lawyer has been admitted, in England, to the position which the Catholic Emancipation Act opened to the members of his Church is too important as a precedent, and too significant as a triumph of the principle of toleration, to be passed over in silence. If experience had not taught us how much bigotry can remain in the hearts of those who are readiest with the cant of civil and religious liberty, it might well have seemed impossible that the special form of Christianity held by an honourable and distinguished advocate should be supposed to detract from his fitness for the judicial Bench. Argument in support of such an objection there could be none, for even Exeter Hall would not venture to insinuate against Mr. Justice

Shee the kind of suggestions which it thought becoming in the case of the unfortunate Mr. Turnbull. But argument is not necessary to sustain bigotry, and there are no doubt some who would have rejoiced the more at the continued exclusion of Mr. Serjeant Shee from the Bench because it would have been impossible to attribute it to any other motive than religious prejudice. It is only by slow degrees and painful effort that a nation ever really acquires the spirit of toleration; but a step once gained in England is gained for ever, and Lord Westbury's disregard of the fanatical objections to the appointment of a Roman Catholic Judge will give fresh force to a lesson which, with all our boasting, Englishmen are slow to learn.

It is no doubt a natural instinct of the human mind to deprive those who differ from us in religion of pecuniary emolument and professional distinction, and, as a means of enforcing uniformity of sentiment, the method, if only carried out far enough, is extremely efficacious. If those who objected (and it seems there were some such) to the recent appointment had professed to be moved by a sincere desire to convert the learned Serjeant to the Church of England—or, failing that, to make his position as a member of his own Church as uncomfortable as possible—there would have been a logical, if no other, argument in favour of their principle of persecution. But the awkward position of our English bigots is that they profess not to believe in persecution, and, at any rate, do not venture on the bold pretensions which (granting their own assumption of infallibility) were really unanswerable when put forth by the persecutors of the middle ages. The modern fry of petty persecutors dare not take the only ground on which their practice can be justified. They would exclude an adherent of a different faith from the Bench, not with any hope of correcting or even punishing his theological errors, but on the pretence, which they do not themselves believe, that a Roman Catholic judge cannot be trusted to do justice in a Protestant country. Such a theory is not only peculiarly inapplicable in the case to which it has been sought to apply it, but is contradicted by all experience, and openly flouted by our own practice in Ireland and elsewhere. It is quite clear that, whatever mischief a judge who reverences the Pope may be supposed capable of doing in England, where the Roman Catholics are few in number, and, as a rule, high in station and loyal and temperate in their political feelings, would be infinitely aggravated in a country where the influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood is exercised chiefly over the lower classes, and has certainly, in times within our memory, been associated with movements not conspicuous either for loyalty or legality. And yet in Ireland, where Ribbon Societies have to be put down, and the scales of justice to be held equally between Orange and Papal ruffians, it is the practice to rely upon the uprightness and professional honour of a Roman Catholic Bench, and it is not pretended that the trust is ever betrayed. The hottest zealot of Exeter Hall would scarcely have fancied that he saw in the career of Serjeant Shee any trace of fanatical blindness to the demands of justice in a case where the interests of a co-religionist might be concerned; but the objection, if it had taken a formal shape, would no doubt have been that it was bad to make a precedent which, though safe for once, might be fraught with infinite danger on future occasions. The assumption of the influence of religious bias over the minds of laymen is made much more freely than experience warrants, and if there is any class of men to whom it is more than usually absurd to attribute a weakness of this kind, it is the class of successful lawyers from among whom the Bench is recruited. The whole training and habits of thought of a practising barrister are one course of correction for tendencies of this description. A lawyer is as much open to intellectual bias as any man in the world, but he scarcely knows how to import into his forensic or judicial duties the particular feelings and opinions which he may entertain on politics or religion. The old lawyer who, when asked whether he was a Whig or a Tory, replied that he was a special pleader, is often referred to in a sense by no means complimentary to the sincerity of the profession; but there is another sense in which it is perfectly true that a judge, however warm may be his political feelings or his religious faith, is of no politics and no religion when he sits upon the Bench. Very few men have ever acquired a position at the Bar which entitled them to aspire to judicial office without having learned to lay aside their own personal feelings entirely when once they were engaged in forensic business, and only the narrowest of all bigotry would say that this gift of impartiality is enjoyed exclusively by the members of the Established Church. The truth is that the murmurs—if murmurs there were—at one of the best appointments that could have been made, were but the echo of the old intolerance which lurks in some corner of the hearts of most of us. There will be a long battle yet before this or any other country will be fairly quit of the devil of persecution, and no blow struck in the cause of toleration ought to pass without recognition. In this sense the appointment of Mr. Justice Shee deserves an acknowledgment beyond what is ordinarily accorded to the selection of the fittest man for a post of high honour and responsibility.

TURF ABUSES.

AN article upon the English Turf which appears in *Fraser's Magazine* for the present month deserves attention as an honest, though not always well-directed, effort towards reform of the abuses which have connected themselves with the sport of horse-racing. The writer fairly enough distinguishes

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between evils for which the sport as at present managed is properly responsible, and those which arise from its attracting within the Ring the entire gambling element of the population—an element which would still exist, and whose practices would continue liable to censure, even if horse-racing were abolished, as some reformers of morals would desire it to be. Proceeding on the footing that horse-racing is to be encouraged, and at the same time as far as possible reformed, it may be worth while to consider how much foundation exists for the complaints urged in *Fraser*, and also whether there is any hope of finding a practical remedy where one is needed.

There might be some advantages in a state of things such as seems to be desired by this writer, in which horse-breeding should be carried on by a few noble and wealthy men for their own honour and their country's good. Under such a state of things, the abuses now complained of ought not to exist, and probably they would not exist. But the actual state of things is very different. Horse-breeding is a trade carried on by a large number of persons with a view to profit, and regulated in general by the same principles as apply to other trades. It is conceivable that the imaginary might be preferred to the existing state of things, but only by those persons who would be content that few instead of many race-horses should be bred in England. Such persons may perhaps say that a few good horses are better than many bad ones, but it is only by making many experiments that a few good results can be obtained. A man may be both duke and millionaire, and may breed horses all his life, without once producing anything good enough to win the Derby. The truth is, that this, like other branches of business, is likely to be best conducted by those who have to make their living by it; or, at any rate, it would be in danger of stagnation unless there were some infusion into it of a commercial element. But the moment you admit that a pecuniary encouragement is necessary to horse-breeding, you cut away the ground for several complaints which are urged with considerable force in *Fraser*. Take, for instance, the passage which has been largely quoted in the newspapers, and which is directed to expose the demoralizing influence of P.P. betting. Nobody will pretend that it is, in the abstract, desirable that a large number of persons should occupy themselves for six months beforehand in making books upon the Derby. This system causes a large amount of trickery and dishonesty, and, in particular, encourages efforts to obtain "information" of stable secrets which have a directly demoralizing tendency. Grooms, jockeys, and stable-boys are tampered with, and the whole machinery of touting is set in motion. Such being the evils of P.P. betting, it is quite true, as *Fraser* says, that many of the higher and more honourable patrons of racing have set their faces strenuously against it. The argument in its support cannot be better stated than by Mr. Isaac Sadder, a horse-breeder of fifty years' experience, in his evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons:—"I should not breed horses if there was no betting, because our expenses would be much more than the profit would be." By betting, Mr. Sadder meant the opportunity of getting long odds against a horse many months before a race, which of course could only be done in reference to such races as are P.P. At the same time, it must be allowed that there is now quite as much of this sort of betting as is necessary for breeders' purposes, and therefore any attempt to increase the number of P.P. races merely to make more of that business of the Ring, of which there is enough already, ought to be strenuously resisted. Quite independently of horse-breeding, it may be said that there will always be, in this country, a considerable amount of gambling, which may as well take horses as anything else for its subject; and on this ground the existence of the system of P.P. races may be excused, although its further extension would not be justified.

If the necessity be conceded of breeding a large number of horses in order to obtain a few first-rate results, it follows that the system of handicapping, although liable to great abuses, ought nevertheless to be maintained. Its utility may be readily understood by glancing at the discussions of performances of two-year-olds in the past season, which now occupy all the sporting newspapers. Certain horses have marked themselves out as having a chance for the Two Thousand Guineas or the Derby. Others of lower merit receive the commendation that "they are likely to pay their way in next year's handicaps." If these handicaps did not exist, breeding in its present extent could not go on. The writer in *Fraser* may think that breeding operations might be advantageously curtailed, but he will not find much support for that opinion. But if it be admitted that handicaps are necessary, it follows that some of the horses must be allowed to run under those light weights which this writer considers to be so great an evil. A man must be an extreme admirer of heavy weights who would propose to put more than 10st. upon such a horse as Asteroid; and if Asteroid only carried that weight, other horses would be proportionately loaded at between 5st. and 6st. The demand which this writer makes for a return to the heavy weights, combined with the long courses, of the last century, is perhaps rather inconsiderate. The owner of Asteroid is not likely to allow him to run over the Beacon, or even over the Cesarewitch, Course with 11st. or 12st. on his back, and therefore the interference of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will not need to be invoked on behalf of this unsurpassed specimen of the modern English race-horse. It is very difficult to make any satisfactory comparison between present performances and those which are alleged to have taken place a century ago. Almost the only point on which we feel certain is that in those days races were frequently run after dinner,

under circumstances not particularly favourable for noting time accurately. But the question of time is all-important, for it is in maintaining the highest rate of speed of which the horse is capable that weight and distance tell upon him. Perhaps in old times the horses which ran over the Beacon Course went through-out at an equal but moderate pace. If a race were run over the same course now, the probability is that it would be a trot for the first three miles, and a severe gallop for the last mile. The modern disposition to shorten courses arises partly from the observation that, if the course is long, the race does not in general really begin until the latter half of it. Instead of vague disparagement of the performances of modern English race-horses, it would be useful to point out, if possible, some class of animals that can compete with them. It is easy to sneer at horses which can only gallop half a mile under a light weight, but does the critic suppose that he could find any horses that could gallop against them? He certainly could not find such horses in England, and even these weedy thorough-breds whose racing weight is under 6st. will carry 12st. comfortably to hounds. As regards distance, it would be rash to undervalue all horses with whom it disagrees. There is, for instance, that well-known performer over half a mile, Miss Julia. She is a stout, strong-built mare, whom no one would think of calling weedy, but it would be useless to start her for even a moderately long race.

Although the frauds perpetrated in connexion with handicaps are numerous and disgraceful, it is probable that the descriptions given of them by this writer and others are overcharged. There occurs in *Fraser* an account of a process for deceiving the handicapper and the public, which it would be quite as easy, and perhaps more just, to represent differently. A safe method, says this writer, is "to run your horse out of condition; to run him at a time when he is quite incapable of winning." Then, when the horse is in condition, you run him again, heaping on the money, putting up a good jockey, and telling your friends that "this is his day." The effect of the whole passage is to imply that a horse is something like a watch, which may be wound up and set a-going at any moment. But in truth it is a delicate and difficult operation to get a horse into condition, and many failures and disappointments occur to trainers which are quite sufficiently unpleasant without the additional aggravation of hearing them ascribed to dishonesty. A trainer may try for a whole season and only hit his horse's best form once. He may run him, although dissatisfied with his condition, "to get a line," and he may hope, with patience, skill, and luck, to make him by some pounds a better horse at a future day, and he may tell his own and his employer's friends when he thinks that day has come.

The modern system of racing differs remarkably from the old one in the ages at which horses are put into and taken out of training. It is observed in *Fraser* that "very few horses remain on the turf after four or five years old; at the supposed date of their vigour they are worn out, and an attenuated and unsound progeny is the result." It is true that horses are usually taken out of training at about the age stated, but the reason is, not that their power is exhausted, but that it becomes more profitable to employ it differently. It is possible, however, that race-horses do lose something in speed as they advance in years. It is very difficult at five or six years of age to prevent that thickening of the crest of stallions, which must interfere with their racing powers. But the chief reason of their early retirement is, that the great prizes of the Turf are so distributed as to fall in general to younger horses, while the older horses, if they have already attained distinction, are certain to be profitably employed at the stud. To say that "an attenuated and unsound progeny is the result" of the present system is to assume the very point which requires to be proved. It is very far from the purpose of the present article to maintain that there are no abuses on the Turf, but no good is likely to be done by exaggerating those abuses, or suggesting remedies which will turn out to be fallacious. "Raise the weights, and increase the distance," may be good advice in reference to handicaps, but the writer in *Fraser* can scarcely be serious in offering it as a cure for the moral evils which beset those races. Surely, whatever be the weight or distance, it is equally possible to run horses "whose day is not yet come," either to inform owners or to deceive future handicappers as to their condition. It is to be feared that the Turf is leavened with betting and commerce beyond redemption, but it is not yet quite hopeless to attempt leavening it with honesty.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

THE Westminster Play is an institution which we would not willingly see die. Like the great Ammergan Mystery Play, it stands out as a strange living memorial of the past, and it is a memorial which connects us with an important epoch in the history of civilization. That the Westminster Play is a mere continuation of an unbroken series of theatrical representations connected with classical studies does not constitute its chief value. On other occasions we have attempted to vindicate the propriety of retaining this annual celebration on its practical grounds. We have said that we thought, and we think still, that the ordinary arguments urged for its abandonment are of little value. We cannot acknowledge that the objection raised from the immorality of the Terentian fable is worth much. To be consistent, we ought to go much further. There is something in the view that all heathen studies are intrinsically profane and bad. The Abbé Gaume, who, in his *Ver Rongeur*, took the bold line of denouncing

the whole range of profane literature as inconsistent with the purity of Christian ethics, deserved to be listened to; and the Baptist essayist Foster was probably not far wrong when he found in the instrument of all refined education—that is, in the study of all classical writers—a fatal bar to the reception of the very highest Christian morality. But between the study of a play of Terence and the acting of a play of Terence there is only the difference between doing a thing incompletely and doing it thoroughly. They who would draw the line, for moral purposes, between reading Ovid and acting Terence have not earned the right of being seriously refuted; and as to the secondary objection that the school time is wasted in the preparation of the play, it is quite enough to reply that the intelligent and accurate knowledge of idiom which even a moderate actor must acquire in rehearsals is the very best education in Latin which a boy, in these days of unspoken Latin, can pass through.

We will go further, and remark that the Westminster Play has its philological value. The Latin of the Roman stage is a very different language from the written Latin of Cicero and Tacitus. Its connexion with the derived and living Romance languages has not even yet been sufficiently studied. Here, once a year, in that grim dormitory of St. Peter's, Westminster, under somewhat queer associations, and not without special difficulties, we get a sort of dim and doubtful view of what the Latin of common life was. Had we no Westminster Play, we should not perhaps be set thinking in this direction at all. Terence is not an author much read; and the English students of Plautus might perhaps be counted without getting into three figures. Latin, which was not so many centuries ago a spoken language, is now throughout Europe a dead tongue in every sense of the word. Colloquial Latin finds its very last refuge in this annual celebration; and that something is done to let us understand it only makes us prize more earnestly the opportunity and occasion which still survives for something more being attempted. The play, as at present put on the stage, is a very different thing from the play in the days of Busby. It aims at more, and therefore is bound to do more. Then it was a mere school exercise, now it is an element in classical literature. When, under Dr. Williamson, the costume was modelled up to the strict technical accuracy of the Athenian stage, and when Mr. Cockerell, the veteran "Westminster" whose death was appropriately celebrated in this year's prologue, furnished the admirable drop scene now in use, the Westminster masters and scholars set up a high claim. They must not do the thing by halves. Classical costume is a mere absurdity without classical diction. We know very little, it may be, of what the Romanized new comedy of Menander and Diphilus was. We stumble blindly and doubtfully through the maze of the Terentian metres. The accent, intonation, scansion, and elision of the metrical system of the comic stage constitute one of the most difficult chapters in ancient literature. How spoken Latin was pronounced is not quite agreed. But one thing is quite certain. It never was spoken as the Westminster Play is now spoken. If the Latin comedy once a year affects to reproduce itself in London, it ought to speak in some language understood by all European scholars. Somehow or other, though we do not quite know how, a play of Terence was presented in some sort of recitative; or, at any rate, in some fashion or other, by the aid of those mysterious *tibia*, it was accompanied. The whole purpose of the thing may be missed if the dialogue is only uttered, as it is now, in the form of cramped prose. Accent, metre, and tone are not even attempted; and we are not without hope that some day or other, upon the basis of this one curious occasion, may be built up a serious attempt to give us some notion of what the ancient stage was, and how it addressed ear as well as eye. A praiseworthy effort was made in Germany, with Mendelssohn's aid, to revive the *Antigone* in its ancient propriety; but a revival of Terence which would really be worthy of the name is an enterprise for which the traditional knowledge of the text, and of the special stage-points, possessed at Westminster by the scholars of St. Peter's College entitles them to put in a claim, and entitles us to put in a claim on them.

This year's celebration was the *Adelphi*. The New Comedy of Athens must not be judged by any modern standard. Whether it was really a dull affair cannot be pronounced by modern taste. We cannot enter into the educated mind of antiquity so as adequately to appreciate the thing. The elements of the ancient comedy were few, and little innovation in the characters was possible. Plot, as we understand it, is a modern invention. The passion of love and the complexities of intrigue were unknown. Ancient society was incapable of almost all that goes towards making a modern novel or a modern play. Baldness and lack of invention were atoned for by delicacy of language, refined expression, genuine sententiousness, and a rhythmical balance of contrasted character. That any audience should have entered into the delicate *nuances* of dialogue of the plays of Menander gives the very highest views of the general civilization of antiquity. A Greek comedy must, if enjoyed, have been enjoyed by a different class of faculties from those which, in these days, we bring into a theatre. Leisure, intellectual quickness, thoughtfulness—these must have been qualities in which an Athenian audience was strongly contrasted with the British playgoer. When a new play was advertised, the critic of the day knew pretty well what to expect. There was always an old man contrasted with a young man; a parasite might safely be reckoned upon; a couple of slaves were inevitable. There was sure to be a *jeune personne* who loved not wisely but too well, or rather who

loved according to her master's orders; and she was sure to turn out to be a well-born young maiden, stolen in the *Ægean Isles*. And the long run was that the spendthrift was turned into a respectable husband, the young lady came out an honest woman, and the heavy father dismissed the family party with his blessing. Few and simple were the incidents, and the plot was of childish transparency. It was much like the boy's romance which concludes *Mrs. Livriper's Lodgings*. The *Adelphi*, which has been twice represented during the present week, scarcely innovates upon the recognised types of character. The point of the play from which it takes its name is the balanced character of the two brothers; and it may be doubted whether two characters were ever more delicately drawn, or marked by truer artistic touches. The drama is certainly one of sentiment as opposed to incident, and, abating the vast consideration that the two brothers lived in an atmosphere which was not permeated by our Christian morality, it may be doubted whether truer creations were ever painted by a dramatic artist. The rough common-sense of Micio and the equally true common-sense of Demea, the man of natural common-sense and the man of acquired common-sense, the man of nature and the man of society—both practical and both right in their way, both accommodating and unaccommodating, compromising and yet recognising human nature, one in its actual and the other in its ideal truth—are in their way as well done as Molière or Congreve could have done them. With the two brothers the interest of the drama ceases. The young gentlemen are very commonplace young "swells of the period," and the slave hardly rises above the conventional slaves of the stage. A study, by the way, of the Greek slave may help some of us to understand the domestic institution under other lights than those of Mrs. Stowe. The abasement of the moral man, though terribly large, does not extinguish every spark of human sentiment; and Syrus and Geta are not the most hateful of characters.

The acting this year rises to, if it does not exceed, the usual Westminster level. Mr. Lane, in Demea, must be acknowledged to have studied carefully his character, and certainly gave not only an intelligent but an artistic personation of it. If *Æschinus* and *Ctesipho* scarcely range above the walking young gentleman, Mr. Sim and Mr. Chepmell never forgot that they were young gentlemen. In Mr. Trevor, the Syrus of the year, we found a real actor—one who, notwithstanding the exaggeration into which young actors who have stuff in them often fall, has got up more of stage business, more of by-play, and more of facial power than his fellows; but the best bit of acting—not only as far as the get-up was concerned, but in dramatic power and delicacy of the comedy—was the *Sostrata* of Mr. Shapter. There was a naturalness and refinement in his single scene which would not have discredited any legitimate boards. The epilogue, as usual, was lively; and it will bear comparison with most of those which have recently been presented to the world in a curious volume of these occasional pieces which has recently been published under the kind care of some diligent "Old Westminster." This occasional epilogue, by the way, seems to be a recurrence rather to the old comedy of Aristophanes; and may perhaps, except in the matter of its place in the drama, be not inaptly compared with the parabasis which in the palmy days of Athens generally shot folly on the wing and satirized some occasional fun of society. The subject of this year's epilogue was the resistance offered by the City of London to Corporation Reform; and Lord Mayor Rose's baronetcy in expectation, the Princess Alexandra's reception, the City ball, the police squabble, and the doings of the Reception Committee, were handled with neatness and a touch of satire which almost verged into personality. These semi-macaronic compositions affect a wit of a peculiar and subtle kind, and the skill with which they turn modern phrases into a sort of Latin is remarkable. *Clarefacto jure* is not a bad rendering of clear turtle, and the verbal fun of torturing

Timeo Graium, vel dona ferentem,

and

Sunt aliquid Manes,

into allusions to Sir George Grey and Sir Richard Mayne were conceived in the accepted spirit of Westminster drollery. Nor must we pass over this, always the most popular, part of the evening's entertainment, without a word of hearty commendation on the dignity and elocution of Demea as Lord Mayor.

REVIEWS.

CAXTONIANA.*

THERE is in the works of a man of superior talent and position more than the mere charm which directly attaches to them as separate emanations of his genius. As great—perhaps, in cases of the highest eminence, a greater—interest will be found to envelope them when read consecutively by the light which they reciprocally shed upon each other as successive points of mark in the mental history of the writer. The quality of self-painting may vary with the personal idiosyncrasy of the author, just as in degree it may be manifested more or less in this writer or that. There is in numerous characters a native reticence of temperament which makes it a difficult task for the reader to detect the workings of the inner consciousness in the creations either of the pencil or the pen. Still, the influence is there. No man, it has been well said, can put upon the paper or the canvas more than has passed through his own brain; and each man, disguise it as he

* *Caxtoniana*. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. 2 vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1863.

may from the eyes of others, or still more from his own, is in a large measure drawing or writing from himself.

No leading man of letters, in our day at least, has had so directly brought against him the charge of delineating himself, in each of his successive works of fiction, as Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. And none has been at greater pains to repudiate the insinuation, as derogatory to his claims to fertility of thought, no less than suggestive of undue yielding to personal vanity. There is truth on either side. The fact most probably is, that in such a disclaimer there is nothing short of the full conviction of truth, the fact of this self-portraiture standing, nevertheless, at the same time too obvious and patent to be gainsaid. There need not, that is, be necessarily a direct and conscious habit of sitting for each consecutive character in a man's own gallery of fiction. There may be the habit, more subtle and powerful still, of identifying himself with his creations by an instinctive and spontaneous effort. Like the dervise projecting himself into the body of the Eastern king, he may live and breathe in them, and, without sensible duality, make them the media of exhibiting his own active and thinking self. The very spontaneity and ease of the process of impersonation forbid its striking upon the sense of the prime agent. And thus, in the very effort made by the distinguished writer in question to do away the fact of its existence, he has furnished the indisputable traces of its power. The materials for this conviction are furnished in his case, as it happens, with more than ordinary authenticity. We have but to refer for proof to the very remarkable Preface prefixed to the recent editions of his collected prose writings, published at the lowest price, for the widest popular distribution.

There are writers who are content calmly and passively to await the judgment of posterity—who, satisfied as to the intrinsic value of their works, and confident of their power to make their own voices heard and understood, are content to leave their writings their own interpreters, to vindicate their own place among the niches of cosmopolitan fame. Others there are whose more restless temperament renders them wholly incapable of this reticence and this self-restraint. It may be that they are haunted by a latent mistrust of the power of their writings to interpret and enforce their original design. It may be, on the contrary, that an overweening estimate of their own depth and power makes them doubt of their full meaning and import ever coming to the surface. Or a conception, half cynical, half conceited, of a want of capacity in the world at large to rise to the level of understandings and imaginations such as theirs, begets the amiable desire to aid the common intellect and elucidate the force of their own composition by means of gloss or explication of a supplemental and authoritative kind. Heedless of the Napoleonic precept as to the value of reserve—*le monde vient à celui qui sait se taire*—they are for breaking through the barrier which the stoicism or the diffidence of other men generally rears between themselves and posterity, and hasten to discount already the tribute of public approbation. They can see no value in a guerdon of praises which cannot be enjoyed during a lifetime, and had ten times rather sniff in the incense of immediate applause with living and heaving nostrils, than have it flung, however profusely, by hands they as yet know not, in the face of a stony posthumous statue. A motive of this kind is traceable through every line of the characteristic Preface which accompanies the late editions of *Pelham*. It would not, perhaps, be fair to attempt even to fix the precise authorship of this remarkable analysis. The glowing tone of eulogium which it breathes throughout, and the extravagant pretension to deep and subtle insight which renders it even fulsome to the reader's taste, forbid those who retain a spark of faith in the existence of self-respect in human nature to read such an effusion to the letter by the light of Major Dalgetty's famous test of the identity of Argyle. Such flights of flattery would be a thought too strong for the egotism even of the "Marquis himself." Still, from its position at the head of an authorized edition of the series, as well as from the esoteric penetration it betrays into the secret mind and purpose of the novelist, it is impossible not to regard it as an authoritative statement of a connected literary design. There are degrees of inspiration, even theologians are agreed, short of the merely verbal, and the primary line of thought may be filtered through an elastic medium without losing its identity of idea under a change of form. But, beyond this, the very idiom tells, in places, its own tale. Socrates may speak by the mouth of Plato, but there is no mistaking the interior fount of inspiration. It is easy to see the Targum of the disciple overlying the text of the prophet. Substantially the dictation is original, though the flattering adjectives may be strewn by the hand of a friend. The voice is Jacob's voice, though the hands are the hands of Esau.

Not that a statement of this kind is necessarily to be looked upon as a vulgar advertisement touting for applause. It is far more truly to be viewed as a nervous cry for sympathy and appreciation. There is the morbid dread of going out of the world unrecognised and ill-understood—the dialike of leaving to alien hands, and indifferent if not invidious critics, the task of entering into his meaning and elucidating his ideas. Joined to this, and intensifying this, is a profound penetration with the depth of his own genius and the fecundity of the results of his teaching. There is nothing, it must be allowed, of the shallow pretension of the vulgar quack, who hopes by effrontery or disguise to foist what he feels to be false or worthless wares upon the world. True genius has at all times a just and dignified sense of its own worth. The high-souled man, Aristotle justly observed, has ever a high estimate of himself. But in the case before us, this is qualified by a

palpable mistrust of the capacity of other men to verify and admit his claims. The entire sketch is consequently, from first to last, an elaborate self-glorification. It is not, any more than Sir Edward's different characters are, the autobiography or self-analysis which many have thought they could trace in his personifications. No such conscious purpose, as he himself is right in disclaiming, was present to his mind in giving them birth. Yet are they, one and all, not the less the expression of the writer's own idiosyncrasy, and so many phases of his inner self. In them he lives and moves, and has his being. They breathe his sentiments, and in their utterances may be traced with sufficient distinctness the successive changes of conviction or taste which have made up his intellectual life. From *Pelham* to *Cartonians* there has been one long soliloquy.

It is clearly in the light of half-regret, half-apology for early faults, that we are to read the analysis given in this significant Preface of the earliest of the Bulwer Lytton novels. We have the frank avowal that it was written "at that crisis of thought and feeling, common enough to the boyhood and early youth of all men of genius, when all the elements of thought are unsettled, when crude impressions are hastily received as truths; and in striving, first, to think for themselves, they question all the oracles of human fate, and dangerously interpret the ambiguous answers accorded to their own passionate inclinations." In the *Disowned* we are next told to see "glimpses of a much loftier tone of mind, of greater capacities for pathos, of grander ideals of human character, and the nobler aims of human life." The mystery of *Devereux* is derived, for variety, "not from the inferior sources of external incident, but the complicated secrets of the human heart." In the character of Aubrey, "our reason is satisfied not so much by the probability of the events as by the consummate analysis of mind and motive by which the events themselves grow naturally and inevitably out of the idiosyncrasy of their agents." Of *Paul Clifford*, the design has never been apprehended before. "In form a burlesque, in essentials a tragedy," it is "a satire upon crime," a burlesque upon the false shows of civilized life, "a genial appeal to the conscience of communities to adjust our codes to the reform of criminals as well as to their punishment." Shallow critics have been all along unaware of its ethical depth:—

Our author must often have smiled, whether in scorn or sadness, at the shallow criticisms which represented this work, so full of a cordial philosophy, so marked by elevated benevolence, and so rounded into the very moral which all our statesmen have since laboured to shape into Acts of Parliament, as a vicious representation of heroes and highwaymen.

Nor is *Eugene Aram* without those traits of self-portraiture which bespeak the mind of the novelist passing through a further phase of culture. There is here the imaginary study of evil in its effects upon a temperament like Clifford's in romance, but with far higher gifts of mind—"the effect of a single crime upon a magnificent intellect." In *Godolphin*, on the contrary, we have the ideal view of the same influence in a less tragical aspect. "In one there is the picture of a life blasted, in the other the picture of a life frittered away." In both we see, as it were, the physician experimenting upon moral poisons in their effects upon his ideal self. Nor are we on any account to lose the truthfulness and finish of the "high-bred cynicism of Saville, or the elegant effeminacy into which the original genius of Godolphin himself subsides, as the indolence of the epicurean gradually prevails over his finer nature." In *Ernest Maltravers* we pass on to "the type of the poetic intelligence, working out its highest ultimate destinies through the scenes and probation of actual life." In what passes between Maltravers and Evelyn is represented "that epoch in the poetic mind when, wearied with the actual world, the poet yearns for return to his early dreams, seeks to renew his own youth, and forgets that he cannot regain their former freshness, nor link inexperienced hope with the memory of errors and the fulness of sorrowful knowledge." It is in the re-union with Alice—that is to say, "the restoration of art to nature"—that "the ideal intelligence, long at war with the practical world, is reconciled to it." *Zanoni*—the first inkling of a vein of thought in Sir Edward's imagination which has since teemed in the more astounding marvels of the *Strange Story*—dawned upon the author's brain as the "illustration of external life by symbolical philosophy." Current rumour points to the no less potent sympathy said even now to exist between the same imaginative genius and spirit manifestations of a more vulgar kind. Such magical bias, however, is declared to be in its origin "no gloomy criminal art, but a mastery over the lawful secrets of nature, to be attained but by dauntless will, by self-conquest, by the subordination of flesh to spirit."

If his successive creations, from *Pelham* downwards, may thus be viewed as so many reflections of the author's self, as in a room with many mirrors, the same law of impersonation holds even more strictly true as a key to his latest publication. Passing by the practical lessons of the *Cartons* and *My Novel*, as the expression of his sager manhood, we have in *Cartonians* the didactic statement of ideas which he has at other times habituated himself to clothe with the personality of fiction. By far the larger part of these two volumes may be read as simple soliloquies or confessions. Never, perhaps, since Rousseau, has a philosopher or moralist thrown so much of himself into his reflections, even when giving them their most abstract or general form, and using least commonly the first person singular. To any keen interpreter of casual hints and intimations, nothing more is wanting for a complete mental image of the writer or the man. Years which have added the last perfection to that polished style—chastening its early exuberance, and sobering the youthful tendency to inflation and bombast—have but matured the habit of studying the world by the

inner light of his own consciousness. It is in the microcosm of his own sentiments and yearnings that the very universe seems alone capable of being read and understood. Whatever changes may go on without are as nothing to the importance of the alternations and vicissitudes which mark the development within. The laws of mind and morals are to be studied, not in reality, but in type, and that type not far to seek. Into whatever fountain Narcissus turns to gaze, there is, changed as it may be by time, the same individual image still. As Sir Edward himself says of Montaigne, "it is his own human heart, as he has tested it through his own human life, that he first analyses, and then synthesises. And out of that analysis and that synthesis he dissects into separate members, and then puts together again, the world." Of what avail to him are the multitude of books, save as they "serve only to enforce his own opinions and illustrate his own experience of life?"

Take, for instance, one of the most characteristic, as well as most graphic essays in the present series—that on "Posthumous Reputation." Where moralists, uninfluenced by this habitual reference to self as the source and ground of observation, would be led far afield for the materials of induction, and seek to generalize from the widest types of human conduct, how much easier is it to glance into the mirror of consciousness, and take measure of the general soul by the attitude and the proportion of the motive principle within. The problem is that of the respective influence of the thirst for popular renown in youth and advancing age:—

I have seldom known a very young man of first-rate genius in whom that thirst was not keen; and still more seldom any man of first-rate genius, who, after middle life, was much tormented by it, more especially if he had already achieved contemporaneous fame, and felt how little of genuine and unalloyed delight it bestows, even while its plaudits fall upon living ears.

But, on the other hand, I daily meet with mediocre men, more especially mediocre poets, to whom the vision of a fame beyond the grave is a habitual hallucination.

There is little need to ask what image rose up to the mental eye of the writer as he sought the solution of this question from his own "experience of life." What but the interval of years is needed for the "young man of first-rate genius," photographed under the name of *Pelham*, to subside into another *carte de visite*, as the calmer "genius after middle life," the author of *Castoniana*? From his musings upon this theme—always a favourite one with Sir Bulwer Lytton—we may gather what effects time has wrought upon his estimate of himself, and of his probable position in time to come. One result, as usual, he finds to be the narrowing of the circle of ambition, and the bringing nearer to the eye those prizes which still remain to be grasped. Another is, to compel a more candid avowal of the true yearning of his life, which has been but quickened by the lapse of years. That yearning, he may say with truth, has been for no material object. It may have seemed such in earlier days, but the loosened hold upon things of time and sense has shown it to rest upon a deeper and more spiritual desire. It is the longing to be "thought of with affection and esteem," to bequeath "some kindly reminiscence in some human hearts":—

But if this be a desire common to the great mass of our species, it must evidently rise out of the affections common to all—it is a desire for love, not a thirst for glory. This is not what is usually meant and understood by the phrase of posthumous reputation; it is not the renown accorded to the exceptional and rare intelligences which soar above the level of mankind. And here we approach a subject of no uninteresting speculation—viz. the distinction between that love for posthumous though brief repute which emanates from the affections and the moral sentiment, and that greed of posthumous and lasting renown which has been considered the craving, not of the heart nor of the moral sentiment, but rather of the intellect.

There is here that increasing candour which seems in a manner forced upon a man who feels it imperative upon him to be known by the world, but who finds the time for what he has to say drawing in. He has been, he complains, greatly misunderstood during life. Far from nursing in his soul that craving for intellectual renown which is vulgarly conceived to be the spring of labours such as his—far from caring to dazzle and overawe by the brilliance of his genius—it has been his secret hope to attract through sympathy with his moral nature. If for a time misled by youthful inexperience, he has since had the real nature of the void within revealed clearly to his eyes. It is not glory but love that has warmed and led him on. In sensitive and imaginative temperaments, there is here a marked approximation to the feminine type of character. The distinction has been well drawn by Michelet between the passion of love in the masculine and the female breast:—"The desire of the man is for the woman, the desire of the woman is for the desire of the man." The same desire for love and sympathy may be traced through every fiction, and under every self-revelation of Bulwer Lytton. There is all that craving for love and admiration which a woman feels she must gratify or die; yet there is all that instinctive delicacy which would make her die rather than be thought overtly to solicit it—trying innumerable arts and expedients to attract the indispensable homage, with infinite horror of being detected in the act.

A further proof of the influence of the same feminine *ethos* will be found in an analysis of the prominent personages in the Bulwer Lytton series. How invariably are his men cast in the mould which women love or admire! How little do they partake of that stuff which the masculine sex recognises in its born leaders! *Pelham*, the elegant, self-conscious, self-asserting fop, with his curled graces and frothy talk—Clifford, with his elegant person, romantic tones, and darkling hints of adventure—are altogether such as to strike the immature maiden apprehension. They embody their designer's notion of the airs and the pretensions which should secure the objects of his youthful heart. They furnish at once a

test of his first estimate of women, and a confession of the early goal of his ambition. In maturer life, when the charms of Adonis are not so safely to be relied on for direct conquest, the new type of character is still true to the original sentiment. Darrell, the proud and self-concentrated statesman, shrinking from contact with men while inwardly dying of isolation, nursing the loftiest projects, yet morbidly biding the day when men shall court him in his proud seclusion, is a character to be utterly powerless over men in public life; but he is a man to stir—and he is consistently made to stir—the curiosity and the worship of women. He stands as the author's living ideal of the public man of middle age. And if any key were required to explain why, with all his brilliant gifts and natural advantages, his clear intellect, bright imagination, pointed eloquence, and keen thirst for fame, aided by wealth, position, and party interest, Sir Edward has done little more in public life than condemn himself to the state of practical self-ostracism in which he draws his model, it will be found in the truthfulness with which the mind and temper of the artist are thrown upon the descriptive canvas. An intense and consuming self-consciousness, an instinctive love of the ideal, a habit of posing for admiration with the flattering belief that the art is too perfect for detection—these are not the qualities to fit a man for roughly jostling with realities, or bringing the matter-of-fact and masculine world to do homage at his feet. Even in literature, these are defects which must inevitably keep back a man from attaining the highest rank. Whatever the brilliance of his conceptions, the loftiness of his moral, the fascination of his style, there is that which always mingles in our admiration of Sir Edward Lytton's genius a mortifying sense of disappointment. It is with him as with the case of women of talent—something still keeps them back in their best works from gaining the prize in the race with men. Yet the womanly weakness which lends a charm to its proper sex, and forms a magnet for the hearts of men, is the last thing that man looks upon with complacency in those of his own gender. If real, it may at the best excite his pity. If affected, it cannot escape his contempt. When woman puts on the arts and airs that please man is delighted at the implied compliment to his manhood. But he feels neither tenderness nor mercy for the like artificial graces in the male—

The padded man that wears the stays.

Among the secrets which Sir Edward lets out in the course of his latest reflections, is that of his instinctive and ever growing attachment to the apron-string. Such is the pregnant allusion, in his "Hints on Mental Culture," to the "wondrous advantages to a man in every pursuit or avocation of an adviser in a sensible woman." Of all blessings we are invited to cherish "female friendships"—of course "pure friendships"—not only as the "bulwark and sweet ornament of existence" to a man, but, above all, "to his mental culture invaluable." The volume itself owes its dedication in part to the acknowledgment of such an influence. Sir Edward avows a strong belief in "temperaments." The subject has given birth to more than one dissertation in *Castoniana*. The "sanguine" and the "sympathetic" temperaments might well have been supplemented by a chapter on the characteristics of the "Epicene," or that in which the virile and feminine elements show themselves blended in exceptional union. Such a kind of androgynous mixture no writer could well be found better qualified to expound or to illustrate. Through all his writings there runs the same tone of conscious tenderness striving to clothe itself with vigour—the air of high spirit but delicate physique, bent on passing for robust. In his successive characters, we have the glass in which he sees himself reflected through each and all of these gymnastic efforts. They are but so many test impressions by which he takes note of the gradual growth in the muscular fibre of his mind.

We have regarded *Castoniana* in the light of a psychological study rather than that of an independent work of art. We would not, however, be supposed unmindful of the literary merits of these essays. In whatever point of view they may be studied, they will be found stamped with the author's peculiar genius, and inferior to none of his compositions in those especial qualities in which he stands at the head of all the writers of his class. Slight and cursory in form, yet thoughtful and full of matter, they are equal to anything he has before put forth in knowledge of men and books, acute analysis of motives, and critical elegance of taste. They are worth reading, if only for the style, carried as it is to the utmost finish of which Sir Edward's fastidious sense is capable. The faults which ran through his successive shifts of manner are to be traced here still, but blended into a general efflorescence, their early garishness and exaggeration chastened into a softer tone. There is all the old romance of feeling, the lyrical flow of sentences, the well-bred irony, the liveliness, the wit. But beyond these there is the sobered judgment, the matured experience, the urbane and genial estimate of other men, which bespeak a mind arrived at its highest point of culture and its widest grasp of charity. The finest papers of Addison or Steele show hardly more of critical observation or quiet humour than the essays on "Knowledge of the World" or "Posthumous Reputation," while on subjects of a more technical kind neither the *Spectator* nor the *Rambler* put forth subtler powers of analysis or keener literary acumen than those on "Style and Diction," on the "Moral Effect of Writers," and on "Rhythm in Prose as conducive to Precision and Clearness." The latter point, indeed, becomes a very hobby with Sir Edward. It is carried to the vindication in theory of one of his own peculiar excesses of style. True it is that "every style has its appropriate music," and that

"without a music of some kind it is not style, it is scribbling." But he forgets that the music of prose is a thing wholly distinct in kind from the music of poetry. Sir Edward's ear for rhythm is the cause of his prose being perpetually vitiated by this weakness—whole sentences, one after another, running on with the sing-song jingle of verse. Despite, however, such faults of manner—despite, too, the affected and artificial air which has become with him a second nature, and deprives his philosophy of depth and weight—there is sufficient stuff in these magazine articles to maintain intact the writer's place in the foremost rank of the lighter literature of our day.

MISS INGELOW'S POEMS.*

THE most cynical readers of this volume will allow that Miss Ingelow is a very clever young lady, with a great talent for writing verses. More enthusiastic critics may perhaps be found who will go so far as to assert that Miss Ingelow is "the coming woman" of the realms of rhyme. Without venturing upon so definite a prophecy as to the future, we are prepared to say that the poems before us are of very great promise indeed. The writer has, among other requisites for poetical composition, the gift of clear, strong, and simple language; and she has one great gift for a poetess, in that she has something to say. Most of the separate pieces in the volume show a very defined purpose closely kept in view. In one instance, a not unpardonable personal enthusiasm has carried Miss Ingelow's judgment off its balance, and betrayed her into printing a wedding song in honour of the Princess of Wales which cannot be said to be worthy of publication, either for sense or sound. This is the only case of absolutely bad taste to be found in the collection; and when we have said that some few of the poems might have been improved by shortening, and that here and there some obscurity of language or arrangement requires clearing up for the full comprehension of the thought, we have said all that can fairly be said in detracting of Miss Ingelow's merits as an accomplished verse writer. The mechanism of the verses is, as might be expected, moulded unmistakably upon the forms supplied by the greatest masters of the present day; and the trains of thought are inevitably tinged with the colours of the minds which have served the authoress as her poetical guides. Had Wordsworth, Tennyson, and the Brownings never written, Miss Ingelow's poetry, like that of many others, would have taken a different form, and might have sounded in a different key. Yet it is by no means devoid of originality, both in substance and shape. The great test of the strength of that originality is to come. Will the power of Miss Ingelow's verse ever be reflected in the attempts of successive aspirants to poetical honours? The question is easier to ask than to answer.

We are tempted to say that Miss Ingelow's verse is not only strong, but healthy. It is certainly not morbid. There is, indeed, a Charybdis of outrageous cheerfulness into which modern poetesses are capable of being swept if they steer clear of the Scylla of morbidity; but Miss Ingelow is not too unmitigatedly content. She does not put herself forward either as a weeping or a laughing philosopher: and it is some indication of quiet poetical strength that she puts forward her own personality very little. She has touches of great sweetness and pathos, and her pictures show at once an accurate observation of nature, a vivid and true imagination, and a strong sympathy with the common interests of human life; but they do not force or court any immediate observation or curiosity as to the character or history of the painter. They are drawn from a good many and very various points of view, upon which Miss Ingelow can never have stood except in fancy; and it is satisfactory to find a rising authoress who can choose and manipulate subjects from without, instead of devoting herself to the art of minute introspection so habitual among clever young women.

The use of an antique dialect or spelling is always questionable. But the poem in which Miss Ingelow has adopted this fashion in a slight degree, for the sake of local colour ("The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571"), is full of imaginative power and energy. The story is told by an old woman whose daughter-in-law and grandchildren had been drowned in the sudden flood of the Boston Level, caused by the rising of a high tide, bore, or *eygre*, of such force as to heap up the rivers and break the dams. It was the custom for the bells of Boston tower to be rung in a particular well-known peal, called "The Brides of Enderby," whenever any danger menaced the coast. They rang out in the midst of a fine summer sunset, when all the dairymen were out in the level pastures milking the cows, and before they could know what it meant, the flood was upon them:—

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at our feet;
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.
Upon the roofe we sat that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awsome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."
They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;

And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy-bencon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."
And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.
That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and me;
But each will mourn his own (she saith)
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife Elizabeth.

Mr. Tennyson has many followers in the idyllic style which he may be said first to have adapted to modern English life. A gem of musical song, a picture of exquisite beauty, a touch of wild pathos clothed in perfect words, often shines out all the more strongly when set in the framework of a little scene with no particular action, taken out of the unending drama of every-day existence. The contrast of homely simplicity is the best foil to the highly polished work of art. But it is not easy to write with perfect simplicity, and with that power the framer of a successful idyll must combine the judgment which will save his frame from an overload of length as well as of any other unnecessary quality. There are two specimens of the Tennyson-idyll in Miss Ingelow's volume, both of great merit, but unequal in the degree of success they attain. One of them, entitled "Brothers, and a Sermon," is too long. Sermons not unfrequently are so; and this sermon would have been better as a poem had its various topics been treated more briefly. Still, it displays a picturesque force and fervour which we should be glad to meet in the discourses of many preachers; and it is something to write a good sermon in earnest through the medium of blank verse. The other idyll, "Supper at the Mill," is a very pretty and quietly humorous illustration of what a domestic idyll ought to be. The songs to which it is the frame show considerable versatility of talent, and a quick musical ear. Here is one, sung by the miller's old mother, which might have been written in memory of some one of the young officers who sailed in Sir John Franklin's expedition to the Arctic regions. It is full of a subdued feminine sadness, while it is worked out with the clear pathos arising from power and distinctness of imagination:—

When sparrows build, and the leaves break forth,
My old sorrow wakes and cries,
For I know there is dawn in the far far north,
And a scarlet sun doth rise;
Like a scarlet fleece the snow-field spreads,
And the icy founts run free,
And the bergs begin to bow their heads,
And plunge, and sail in the sea.
Oh, my lost love, and my own, own love,
And my love that loved me so!
Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen for words from below?
Nay, I spoke once, and I grieved thee sore,
I remember all that I said,
And now thou wilt hear me no more—no more
Till the sea gives up her dead.
Thou didst set thy foot on the ship, and sail
To the ice-fields and the snow;
Thou wert sad, for thy love did nought avail,
And the end I could not know.
How could I tell I should love to-day,
Whom that day I held not dear?
How could I know I should love thee away
When I did not love thee aear?

We shall walk no more through the sodden plain
With the faded bents o'erspread,
We shall stand no more by the soething main,
While the dark wrack drives o'er head;
We shall part no more in the wind and the rain,
Where thy last farewell was said;
But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again
When the sea gives up her dead.

The little grandchild is lulled to sleep by the singing, and the miller and his wife and mother draw their chairs round the table for supper, before the old lady finishes her journey from market to her own farm. The whole poem is a very clear and true little picture.

The poem called "Reflections," where a young woodman falls in love with a maiden with a milking-pail whose face he sees reflected in the meadow-pool, is as strong a reminder of the manner of Wordsworth as the two idylls are of Tennyson. The "Scholar and Carpenter," again, fuses the speculative style of Tennyson, as exemplified in his "Two Voices," with the narrative simplicity of Wordsworth's ballads. Readers of the volume will easily discover for themselves other instances where the study of the various authors we have specified above as Miss Ingelow's favourite poets has modelled the form in which her thoughts have flowed into verse. But the thoughts are so genuinely her own, and they are the thoughts of so vigorous a female mind, that the reflection of her poetical studies indicates rather a competently wide education in the music of language than any defect of originality. The authoress probably does not require to be told how like the run of her lines is to the verse of the writers we have named. If she were an elderly gentleman, publishing at this time of day a poem upon Greece written in good sounding blank verse not unlike

Rogers's *Italy*, and a lyric upon Titania where the dreamy sound sometimes ran away with the sense, with an assurance that they were composed by him before Rogers wrote and before Shelley's *Queen Mab* was thought of, the question of originality would arise in a different shape. The question which in the present case does arise appears to us rather one for Mr. Tennyson than for Miss Ingelow, or any other gifted young poet or poetess who may study and convert to his or her own use the delicate mechanism of Mr. Tennyson's idyllic poetry. If the truth and purity of the form he has applied to common topics has stamped itself so clearly upon the impressible genius of his best scholars that they can write idylls only a degree less perfect than his own, is it not time for him to seek a new and a larger field of fame, in the choice and treatment of a great heroic subject? The truer our reverence for the greatest English poet of the time, the more are we justified in earnestly pressing upon him the moral which his Transatlantic rival and young ladies who sing suppose to lie imbedded in the chronic repetition of the word *Excelsior*.

A few words of kindly advice may not be ill bestowed upon an authoress of so much promise. One is, that neither the "Wedding Song" we have already spoken of, nor "A Sea Song" on the occasion of "Old Albion's" refusal of the Greek crown for her sailor-boy Prince Alfred, indicates any special aptitude for shining as a courtly or political poetess. A second is, that the Homeric consecration of particular descriptive epithets to particular natural phenomena is a dangerous habit for modern poets. The sea, for instance, "seethes" rather too frequently under a wide variety of circumstances through Miss Ingelow's volume. Another dangerous affectation is the fondness for strengthening the point of a line by doubling the salient phrase. Undoubtedly there are cases in which a great deal is gained by knocking the nail twice upon the head, but the method of thus emphasizing is so easy that it should be very sparingly used. Its use should never be so notably frequent as to provoke observation. Such tricks of composition will probably vanish with a maturer consciousness of the power which the writer of this volume undoubtedly possesses; and we shall look forward with hope and pleasure to the publication in due time of other Poems by Jean Ingelow.

FOLK-LORE.*

AS the science of language has supplied a new basis for the science of mythology, the science of mythology bids fair, in its turn, to open the way to a new and scientific study of the folk-lore of the Aryan nations. Not only have the radical and formal elements of language been proved to be the same in India, Greece, Italy, among the Celtic, Teutonic, and Slavonic nations, but the names of many of their gods, the forms of their worship, and the mainsprings of their religious sentiment also have been traced back of late years to one common Aryan type. An excellent account of these researches in comparative mythology has been given by the Rev. G. W. Cox in the preface to his *Tales of the Gods and Heroes*—a work which, together with his *Tales from Greek Mythology*, ought to be in the hands of every scholar and of every schoolboy. But a further advance has been made. The myth, it was argued, dwindles down into the legend, the legend into the tale; and if the myths were originally identical in India, Greece, Italy, and Germany, why should not the tales also of these countries show some similarity even in the songs of the Indian ayah and the English nurse? There is some truth in this line of argument, but there is likewise great danger of error. Granted that words and myths were originally identical among all the members of the Aryan family—granted likewise that they all went through the same vicissitudes—would it not follow that, as no sound scholar thinks of comparing Hindustani with English, or Italian with Russian, no attempt at comparing the modern tales of Europe with the modern tales of India could ever lead to any satisfactory results? The tales, or *Mährchen*, are the modern *patois* of mythology, and if they are to become the subject of scientific treatment, the first task that has to be accomplished is to trace back each modern tale to some earlier legend, and each legend to some primitive myth. And here it is very important to remark that, although originally our popular tales were reproductions of more ancient legends, yet after a time a general taste was created for marvellous stories, and new ones were invented in large numbers by every grandmother and every nurse. Even in these purely fictitious tales, analogies may no doubt be discovered with more genuine tales; because they were made after original patterns, and, in many cases, were mere variations on an ancient air. But if we tried to analyse them by the same tests as the genuine tales, if we attempted to recognise in them the features of ancient legends, or to discover in these fanciful strains the key-notes of sacred mythology, we should be sure to share the fate of those valiant knights who were led through an enchanted forest by the voices of fairies till they found themselves landed in a bottomless quagmire. Jacob Grimm, as Mr. Kelly tells us in his work on *Indo-European Tradition and Folk-Lore*, was the first scholar who pointed out the importance of collecting all that could be saved of popular stories, customs, sayings, superstitions, and beliefs. His *German Mythology* is a storehouse of such curiosities, and, together with his collection of *Mährchen*, it shows how much there is still floating about of the most ancient language, thought, fancy, and belief, that might be, and ought to be, collected in every part of the world. The Norse Tales lately translated by Mr. Dasent are another instance that shows how much there is to reward the

labours of a careful collector and a thoughtful interpreter. Sufficient material, however, has been collected to enable scholars to see that these tales and translations are not arbitrary inventions or modern fictions, but that their fibres cling in many instances to the very germs of ancient language and ancient thought. Among those who, in Germany, have followed in the track of Grimm, and have endeavoured to trace the modern folk-lore back to its most primitive sources, the names of Kuhn, Schwartz, Mannhardt, and Wolf hold a prominent place, and it has been the object of Mr. Kelly to make known to us in his book the most remarkable discoveries which have been achieved by the successors and countrymen of Jacob Grimm in this field of antiquarian research.

Mr. Kelly deserves great credit for the pains he has taken in mastering this difficult subject, but we regret the form in which he has thought fit to communicate to an English public the results of his labours. He tells us that a work by Dr. Kuhn, *On the Descent of Fire and the Drink of the Gods*, is his chief authority; but he adds:—

Although the very different nature of my work has seldom allowed me to translate two or three consecutive sentences from Dr. Kuhn's elaborate treatise, yet I wish it to be fully understood that, but for the latter, the former could not have been written. I am the more bound to state this once for all, as emphatically as I can, because the very extent of my indebtedness has hindered me from acknowledging my obligations to Dr. Kuhn, in the text or in footnotes, as constantly as I have done in most other cases.

We cannot help considering this a very unsatisfactory arrangement. If Mr. Kelly had given us a translation of Dr. Kuhn's Essay, we should have known whom to hold responsible for the statements, many of them very startling, as to the coincidences in the tales and traditions of the Aryan nations. Or, again, if Mr. Kelly had written a book of his own, we should have had the same advantage; for he would, no doubt, have considered himself bound to substantiate every fact quoted from the Edda or from the Veda by a suitable reference. As it is, our curiosity is certainly excited to the highest degree, but our incredulity is in no way relieved. Mr. Kelly does not tell us that he is a Sanskrit or an Icelandic scholar, and hence we naturally infer that all his assertions about the gods of the Indian and Northern pantheons are borrowed from Dr. Kuhn and other German writers. But, if so, we should much prefer to have the *ipsissima verba* of these scholars, because, in descriptions of ancient forms of belief or superstition, the slightest change of expression is apt to change the whole bearing of a sentence. Many of Dr. Kuhn's opinions have been challenged and controverted by his own countrymen—by Welcker, Bunsen, Pott, and others; some he has endeavoured to support by new evidence, others he may be supposed to have surrendered. All this could not be otherwise in a subject so new and necessarily so full of guesswork as the study of folk-lore, and it detracts in no way from the value of the excellent essays in which Dr. Kuhn and others have analysed various myths of the Aryan nations. All we insist on is this, that before we can accept any conclusions as to the Vedic character of Greek gods, or the deep meaning of so whimsical a custom as divination with the sieve and shears, we must have chapter and verse from the Veda, and well authenticated descriptions of the customs referred to. We do not object to general assertions about the Bible, or Homer, or Virgil, or Shakespeare, because here most people can judge for themselves, and would not mind the trouble of checking statements which seem at all startling. But if we are asked to believe that the Veda contains the true theogony of Greece, that Orpheus is Arbhu, or the wind, that the Charites are the Vedic Haritas, or horses, the Erinnys Saranyu, or the lightning, we must insist on evidence such as should enable us to judge for ourselves, before assenting to even the most plausible theories. What authority is there for saying (p. 14) that—

The Sanskrit tongue in which the Vedas are written is the sacred language of India; that is to say, the oldest language, the one which was spoken, as the Hindoos believe, by the gods themselves, when gods and men were in frequent fellowship with each other, from the time when Yama descended from heaven to become the first of mortals.

The Hindus never say that the gods spoke Vedic as opposed to ordinary Sanskrit; they never held that during the Vedic period the gods lived in more frequent fellowship with men; they never speak of Yama descending from heaven to become the first of mortals. These are three mistakes, or at least three entirely un-Indian ideas, in one sentence. Again, when we are told (p. 19) that, "in the Vedas, Yama is the first lightning-born mortal," we imagine that this is a simple statement from the Veda, whereas it is a merely hypothetical and, we believe, erroneous view of the nature of Yama, drawn from the interpretation of the names of some Vedic deities. If given as a guess, with all its *pros* and *cons*, it would be valuable; if given, as here, as a simple fact, it is utterly deceptive.

In page 18 we are told:—

On the whole, it is manifest that all these divine tribes, Maruts, Ribhus, Bhrgus, and Angirases, are beings identical in nature, distinguished from each other only by their elemental functions, and not essentially different from the Pitris or fathers. The latter are simply the souls of the pious dead.

Now these are strong and startling assertions, but again given dogmatically, and without any proof. The Pitris are, no doubt, the fathers, and they might be called the souls of the pious dead; but, if so, they have no elementary origin, like the gods of the storms, the days, and the seasons; nor can they have any elementary functions. To say that the Pitris or Manes shone as stars to mortal eyes (p. 20) is another assertion that requires considerable limitation, and is apt to convey as false an idea of the primitive faith of the Vedic Rishis, as when (p. 21) we read that the *Apas*

* *Curiosities of Indo-European Tradition and Folk-Lore*. By W. K. Kelly. London: Chapman & Hall. 1863.

(waters) are cloud-maidens, brides of the gods, or navigators of the celestial sea (návyah), and that the Aparasas are damsels destined to delight the souls of heroes, the houris, in fact, of the Vedic paradise. The germs of some of these ideas may, perhaps, be discovered in the hymns of the Veda, but to speak thus broadly of a Vedic paradise, of houris, and cloud-maidens, is to convey, as far as we can judge from translations hitherto published, an utterly false idea of the simple religion of the Vedic poets.

One other instance must suffice. At the end of the sixth chapter, in order to explain why a healing virtue is ascribed in German folk-lore to the mistletoe and the ash, Mr. Kelly makes the following statement:—"This healing virtue, which the mistletoe shares with the ash, is a long-descended tradition, for the *Kushtha*, the embodiment of the *Soma*, a healing plant of the highest renown among the Southern Aryans, was one that grew beneath the heavenly *Asvattha*." We tried in vain to understand the exact power of the *for* in this sentence. Great stress is laid in Northern Mythology on the fact that the mistletoe grows upon a tree, and does not, like all other plants, spring from the earth. But the *Kushtha* is not said to grow upon the heavenly *Asvattha*, which Mr. Kelly translates by religious fig, but beneath it. In fact, it is the *Asvattha*, or Pippal, which, if found growing on another tree, the *Sami* (*Acacia sumu*), is considered by the Brahmins as peculiarly fitted for sacrificial purposes. The *for*, therefore, must refer to something else as forming the *tertium comparationis* between the mistletoe and the *Kushtha*. Is it their healing power? Hardly; for, in the case of the mistletoe, the healing power is a popular superstition, in the case of the *Kushtha*, the *Costus speciosus*, it is, we believe, a medicinal fact. We suppose, therefore, that Mr. Kelly perceived the similarity between the German and the Indian plants to consist in this, that the *Kushtha* was an embodiment of *Soma*, for in another passage he says:—

Besides the earthly *Soma*, the Hindus recognise a heavenly *Soma* or *Amrita* (*ambrosia*), that drops from the imperishable *Asvattha* or *peepul* (*Ficus religiosa*), out of which the immortals shaped the heaven and the earth. Beneath this mighty tree, which spreads its branches over the third heaven, dwell Yama and the Pitris, and quaff the drink of immortality with the gods. At its foot grow plants of all healing virtue, incorporations of the *Soma*.

Mr. Kelly then proceeds to remark that "the parallelism between the Indian and the Iranian world-tree on the one hand, and the ash Yggdrasil on the other, is very striking." We shall pass by the Iranian world-tree, the fact being that the *Zendavesta* does not recognise one, but always speak of two trees. But fixing our attention on Mr. Kelly's comparison of what he calls the Indian world-tree and the ash Yggdrasil, the case would stand thus:—The Hindus believe in the existence of a Pippal tree (*Ficus religiosa*) that drops *Soma* (*Azclepias acida*), at the foot of which grows the *Kushtha* (*Costus speciosus*), a medicinal plant, the incorporation of the *Soma* dropping from the Pippal. As there is a similarity between the Ash Yggdrasil and the Pippal, both representing originally, as is maintained, the clouds of heaven, therefore a healing virtue was ascribed to the ash and the mistletoe by the Aryans that came to settle in Europe. We will not deny that if the facts, as here stated, were quite correct, some similarity of conception might be discovered in the German Yggdrasil and the Indian Pippal. But did the Brahmins ever believe in a Pippal dropping *Soma*, and in that *Soma* becoming embodied in a *Costus*? Mr. Kelly here, for once, gives a reference to *Rig Veda* ii. 164, which, as we find from the original work of Dr. Kuhn, is intended for *Rig Veda* ii. 164, 19-22. In that hymn the word *Kushtha* never occurs. A tree is indeed mentioned there, but it is not called *Asvattha*, nor is it said to drop *Soma*, nor is there any allusion to the fact that heaven and earth were made of that tree. All that can be gathered from the extremely obscure language of that hymn is that the fruit of the tree there described is called pippala, that birds settle on it eating that fruit, that they sing praises in honour of a share of immortality, and that these birds are called eaters of sweet things. That the word used for "immortality" may mean *Soma*, that the word meaning "sweet" may stand for the same beverage, is perfectly true; but, even if that conjectural rendering should be adopted, it would still leave the general meaning of the verses far too obscure to justify us in making them the basis of any mythological comparisons. As to the *Kushtha*—the *Costus speciosus*, which is said to be called in the *Rig Veda* an incorporation of *Soma*—we doubt whether such a word ever occurs in the *Rig Veda*. It is mentioned in the mystical formulas of the *Atharva Veda*, but there again it is called, indeed, the friend of *Soma*, but not its embodiment; nor is there any statement that under the *Asvattha* there mentioned the gods drink *Soma*, but simply that Yama drinks there with the gods. It is impossible to be too careful in these matters, otherwise everything becomes everything. Although Mr. Kelly takes it for granted that the poets of the Veda knew a tree similar to the tree Yggdrasil—a world-tree, or a cloud-tree, or whatever else it may be called—there is not a single passage that has been brought forward by Mr. Kelly or by Dr. Kuhn which could stand a more severe criticism. When the poets exclaim, "What wood, what tree was it, of which they made heaven and earth?"—this means no more in the ancient language of religious poetry than, Out of what material were heaven and earth formed? As to the tree *Ilpa*—or more correctly, *Ilya*—nothing is known of it beyond its name in one of the latest works of Vedic literature, the *Upnishads*, and the remarks of so modern a commentator as Sankara. There is no proof whatever of anything like the conception of the Yggdrasil having entered the thoughts of the

Vedic poets; and to ascribe the healing virtue of ash or mistletoe to any reminiscence of a plant, *Kushtha*, that might have grown under a Vedic fig-tree, or *Soma*-tree, or Yggdrasil, is to attempt to lay hold of the shadow of a dream.

There is but one way in which a comparative study of the popular traditions of the Aryan nations can lead to any satisfactory result. Let each tale be traced back to its most original form, let that form be analysed and interpreted in strict accordance with the rules of comparative philology, and after the kernel, or the simple and original conception of the myth, has been found, let us see how the same conception and the same myth have gradually expanded and become diversified under the bright sky of India and in the forests of Germany. Before the Northern Yggdrasil is compared with a supposed Indian world-tree, it is absolutely necessary to gain a clear insight into the nature of the myth of Yggdrasil. That myth seems to be of a decidedly cosmogonic and philosophical character. The tree seems to express the Universe. It is said to have three roots—one in *Nifheim*, near the well called *Hvergelmir*; a second in *Jotunheim*, near the well of the wise *Mimir*; and a third in heaven, near the well of *Urðh*. Its branches embrace the whole world. In heaven the gods hold their meetings under the shadow of this tree, near the well of *Urðh*. The place is guarded by the three *Nornas* (*Urðh*, *Verdandi*, and *Skuld*—Past, Present, and Future), who water the roots of the tree with the water of *Urðh*. In the crown of the tree sits an eagle, and in the well of *Hvergelmir* lies the serpent *Nidhöggr*, and gnaws its roots. In none of these conceptions are there any clear traces of clouds and thunderstorms; but if there were, this would be the very reason why the Yggdrasil could not be compared with the Indian *Asvattha*, in which no ingenuity will ever discover a bank of clouds or a thunderstorm.

THE CARMELITES IN 1792.*

THE rapid improvements of modern times in Paris have obliterated a great deal that was characteristic and historical, and have only here and there left standing a few of the ancient edifices which had witnessed, and which commemorated, the glories and crimes of bygone centuries. A modern Augustus, in his zeal to beautify the imperial city, has ruthlessly got rid of much that was valuable for its intrinsic excellence, and that was priceless from the associations that connected it with the past. There still remain, however, a few buildings which offer a strong contrast to the monotonous magnificence of the new streets and boulevards, and which serve to give the traveller some faint notion of what Paris was before revolution and reconstruction had altered the face of the city. Among these survivors of former times may be noticed the celebrated Carmelite convent in the Rue Vaugirard, which remains in pretty much the same condition that it was before the great Revolution, notwithstanding the different purposes which it has served. It has in turn been a monastery, a barrack, a dancing-house, and a prison. The vicissitudes of its fortunes have led M. Sorel to investigate its history, and incidentally to dispose of some errors that have found their way into the accounts of the French Revolution. At first sight, it may seem to be a rather peculiar curiosity which seeks to dwell upon the horrors of a prison, but some excuse must be made for the zeal of the antiquary and the ardour of an historical inquirer.

The origin of the Carmelites in Paris has all the respectability that antiquity can bestow. A detachment of the pious fraternity reached Paris in the middle of the thirteenth century, and were installed under the patronage of Saint Louis. Under successive sovereigns their establishment was enlarged, and at the close of the fourteenth century they occupied an enormous monastery. Two hundred years later, this reverend body had reached that disagreeable stage of corporate existence when abuses were proved to have undermined their institutions and destroyed their usefulness, and it became necessary for them to submit to the introduction of reforms. These changes, no doubt very odious to a collegiate society, were introduced by two reverend ecclesiastics, who were despatched by Pope Paul V. with the permission of Henri IV. There was some opposition on the part of the Parlement of Paris. At length all difficulties were satisfactorily disposed of, and the new monastery of the barefooted Carmelites was established on the estate of their predecessors. The first stone of their church was laid by the Queen Regent, Marie de Médicis, with the customary solemnities, which are thus described by a contemporary chronicler:—

Quant à leur église la première pierre y fut mise le jour de leur glorieux père et patriarche saint Elie, qui est le vingtième de Juillet en la même année 1613, par la Reine mère Marie de Médicis régente en France durant la minorité de son fils Louis XIII. accompagnée de quelques princes et princesses qui assistèrent à la cérémonie et aux bénédictions qui furent faites par le cardinal de Bouzi, évêque de Beziers, revêtu pontificalement; la noblesse avec les gardes et quantité de peuple qui étoit accouru pour voir la cérémonie se rangèrent autour des fondements qui étoient très profonds. Tous les cœurs furent remplis de joie et d'allégresse quand on vit la Reine prendre du mortier sur une truelle d'argent, qu'elle jeta de bonne grâce sur la pierre bénite qui étoit de marbre, et sur laquelle étoient gravées ces paroles Latines: *Maria Medice Regina mater fundamentum hujus ecclesie posuit anno 1613*. Cette première pierre fut mise au côté droit de l'église, c'est à dire au gros pilier qui est à côté du grand autel où se chante l'Evangile, et qui soutient l'arcade de la chapelle de la très Sainte Vierge Marie. Tels furent les heureux commencements de cet illustre monastère.

The convent that had been reorganized so successfully continued to prosper. The monks had the reputation of being eminently

* *Le Couvent des Carmes et le Séminaire de Saint Sulpice pendant la Terreur*. Par Alexandre Sorel. Paris: Didier. 1863.

pious, and probably were not much better or worse than other religious fraternities in Paris. But their piety did not prevent them from being very good men of business. They speculated in house property with considerable felicity, and thereby greatly augmented the value of their estate. The more scientific of the brethren invented, and sold at a large profit, a cosmetic or quack medicine called *eau de mélisse*, for which they received royal patents, in spite of the opposition of the College of Pharmacy. They also invented a species of cement called *blanc de Carmes*, which no doubt helped to swell their dividends. So they went on till the time of the Revolution, with the advantages of a fashionable church and a very opulent foundation, little heeding what are called signs of the times, and with no anticipation of the principles of 1789. At first the Carmelites contrived to be on friendly terms with the Revolutionary Committee that was installed in their district. But events marched too quickly for any compromise between the old and the new order of things. The decree of February, 1790, abolished ecclesiastical corporations. In the following year, all the property of the Carmelites had been taken from them, and in 1792 was passed the memorable decree for the deportation of such ecclesiastics as refused to take the civic oath of allegiance to the new Constitution. After the 10th of August, the unfortunate priests were the first victims of the revolutionary fury, and the Carmelites were exposed to the tender mercies of the *Section du Luxembourg*. Numerous arrests at once took place, and within a week one hundred and fifty priests were imprisoned in the Church of the Carmelites under circumstances of peculiar barbarity. The ferocious guards that were set over them treated them with brutal insolence. The infuriated mob was crying for their blood, and there could be little doubt of their fate when Tallien, on the 31st of August, declared to the Assembly, in the name of a deputation from the Commune:—

Nous avons fait arrêter des conspirateurs, et nous les avons mis entre les mains des tribunaux pour leur salut et pour celui de l'État. . . . Nous avons fait arrêter les prêtres perturbateurs; ils sont enfermés dans une maison particulière, et sous peu de jours le sol de la liberté sera purgé de leur présence.

On the 2nd of September the terrible massacres began. A band of armed ruffians from the *Section du Luxembourg* poured into the buildings of the convent, and in less than two hours upwards of a hundred priests were butchered in the church and the garden of the monastery. Some, but very few, survived to relate the horrors which they had witnessed. Two were saved by the compassion of their Marseillais captors, others escaped over the walls, and some few were liberated after being examined before the Comité of the Section. After the murders had ceased for want of victims, the convent was invaded by a sanguinary mob; the corpses were not respected; they were stripped of their clothes; everything of value was carried off, ostensibly to be confiscated to the State, but there is little doubt that most of the plunder was appropriated by the patriots who had undertaken, in the name of the people, the duties of judges and executioners. The Section, in a brutal business-like manner, proceeded to set the old convent in order; the corpses were carted away, and buried with scant ceremony in a huge trench that had been dug in the vicinity. So ended the sacrifice of a hecatomb of helpless priests to the sovereignty of the generous and humane people of France.

But although the ecclesiastics who had been imprisoned in the Church of the Carmelites were so pitilessly dealt with, many of the monks of the foundation had been spared, and were allowed for a brief space to occupy their ancient abodes. But towards the end of 1792, those who still remained were compelled to take the oath before the dreaded *Section du Luxembourg*, and the monastery was completely deserted. In the spring of the following year the administrators of the public property let the premises to a gardener, who sublet a considerable part of them to one Langlais. This last, a spirited and patriotic caterer of public and moral amusements for a great and emancipated nation, converted these grounds, still reeking with the blood of murdered men, into a dancing-place known as the "Bal de Tilleuls," and, to quote the words of M. Sorel, "à partir de ce jour cet asile sacré, témoin jadis de tant de pieuses méditations, devint le théâtre de ces danses effrénées où l'on oublie jusqu'au respect de soi-même." It seems, however, that the merits of Langlais were not sufficiently appreciated, for on the fourteenth of Frimaire, in the second year of the One and Indivisible Republic, he and his subtenant were unceremoniously ejected by the Government, in spite of protests and claims for compensation. Under the Reign of Terror, prison room was wanted. The divinities of the garden and the dance, Priapus and Terpsichore, had to yield to stern Necessity. The incorruptible Robespierre cared but little for vested interests whether of priest, gardener, or dancing-girl, but he required cells for the vast crowd of *suspects*, and therefore the old monastery was converted into a prison.

It was soon filled, and furnished a large quota to the guillotine. There are still preserved the names of the unhappy inmates, with a statement of their fate. There occurs the name of a luckless Irishman, one General Ward, who was condemned to death. The crime alleged against him was that he was a foreigner, and his servant with the unmistakable patronymic of Maloney fared no better than his master. There is one great historical name in this fearful record entered in this wise—"Beauharnais. Femme (Joséphine Tascher de la Pagerie) Suspecte—Mise en liberté le 19 Thermidor." But there still remains on the walls of the room called *La Chambre aux Epées*

a yet more interesting memorial of the illustrious captive, couched in the following words:—

Oh Liberté! quand cesseras-tu d'être un vain mot? Voilà aujourd'hui 17 jours que nous sommes enfermés, on nous dit que nous sortirons demain. N'est-ce pas là un vain espoir?—Citoyenne TALLIEN, JOSEPHINE VVE. BEAUHARNAIS, DAIGUILLOIS.

Now, with regard to this, M. Sorel is disposed to think that the signature of Joséphine is genuine. As for the citoyenne Tallien, then Madame Cabanis, she was never imprisoned in the convent at all. The Duchesse D'Aiguillon was, and, as we know from the memoirs of the Empress, they associated during their incarceration. But in these cases it is difficult to arrive at historical truth, because there is, as it would seem, in France an almost irresistible temptation to forge inscriptions which may appear to meet the sentimental requirements of the dramatic situation. The Carmelite convent itself exhibits a marvellous instance of this tendency to colour or pervert history by an undue exertion of the imaginative faculty. In this very building is a hall which has hitherto been called *La Chambre des Girondins*. The walls are covered with writing. There are quotations from Horace, *dulce et decorum*, &c.—passages from Seneca—grandiose bits of Corneille and Voltaire—all of which Lamartine piously believed to be the record of the courage and devotion of the heroes whom he worshipped some seventeen years ago. Now M. Sorel proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that none of the Girondins were ever imprisoned in the convent, and shows very fair ground for believing that all these inscriptions were the work of a vapouring fellow called De Destournelles, who was a fair scholar and knew the odes of Horace by heart. Upon the whole, the Girondins do not lose by the discovery. Many of them, with all their faults, were something better than sentimental pagans.

To return to the fate of the convent. After the death of Robespierre, the *Section du Luxembourg*, which during the Reign of Terror had assumed the name of the *Section Marins Scevola*, became somewhat calmer. The Church of the Carmelites was only desecrated by being made use of as a public storehouse, and at length a portion of the estate comprising the church and cloister was purchased by Madame De Soyecourt. Considerable additions were afterwards made, and a religious society was again installed in the old convent. In more recent times, under the direction of some of the highest and best of the Roman Catholic hierarchy of France, it has become a school of theological instruction, presided over by Archbishop Affre and the Père Lacordaire.

Our space has only permitted us to give a slight sketch of a very interesting volume. M. Sorel has evidently been at very great pains to establish his conclusions by all the evidence which is accessible, and has no doubt rectified some errors into which writers who borrow from each other have traditionally fallen. It is perhaps not a very inviting task to investigate the details of horrible crimes, but it may be as well that France should not forget too quickly the price that was paid for the triumph of the principles of 1789, and the establishment of a despotism that even the France of Louis XIV. would have trampled under foot.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISH DETECTIVE.

THE collection of police stories contained in these two volumes is put together with considerable literary skill. The "Detective" retains the same character throughout, and his language has enough of the grandiloquence of an uneducated man to make it seem naturally ascribed to a policeman, while the incidents are brought in with a sequence and an ease which show that the narrator knows how to tell a story. Few of the tales are without interest, and in almost all a wish is awakened in the reader that the story should end with the triumph which the detective has happened to set before him. But it may be observed that in no case is the flexibility of literary interest so apparent as when encounters between criminals and the police are the subject of a story. If the narrative is supposed to be written by a criminal, and is well managed, the reader is immediately on the side of the criminal. He is all for the success of the hiding, for the triumph of disguises, for the happy ending of attempts to pick through stone walls with a two-pronged fork, or to drop from a high window with the help of a sheet and a shirt. If, on the other hand, we are reading the story as told by a policeman, we are naturally inclined to side with the law. We enjoy the tricks by which the constable catches the thief; we admire the skill and sagacity with which he tracks down a practised offender, and the mastery which long experience and the advantage of a conscience legally good give him under the most trying circumstances. The author of these volumes is quite aware of the readiness with which readers take up either cause, and he manages to engage our attention and sympathy whether the detective is represented as defying or supporting the law. While in his unfledged state, the hero is described as desirous to save an old friend from arrest, and the point of the narrative consists in the art with which this young official baffles his elder brethren, and even, by a bold and happy stroke, contrives to get him unsuspected through the scrutiny of the police, who have boarded the very vessel in which he is sailing for America. And the author, probably with some truth, represents those who are mere indifferent bystanders as almost equally ready to screen or denounce crime. In the other stories the policeman is engaged in hunting down criminals, and then every one to whom he applies is eager to help him, and is as

* *Autobiography of an English Detective.* By "Waters." London: Maxwell. 1863.

zealous as he is. But in the first story the object of the policeman is that the criminal should escape, and the other passengers on board the vessel all combine to screen him. It is true that the criminal in that story is only a political one, and the passengers are represented as being almost all Americans; but the readiness with which the bystanders always fall in with the humour of the active man, on whichever side his activity is displayed, may easily be supposed to have a wider range. In England, a large number of crimes are reprobated by respectable society, and respectable society is strong enough to inspire a general wish that persons supposed to be guilty of these crimes should be brought to justice. But there are other criminals whom an average English crowd would be slow to arrest if some one was adroit and bold enough at the outset to set some whisper in their favour afloat. On reflection, the majority of these people might wish they had upheld the law, and might see that it is wrong and dangerous ever to allow infractions of the law to go unpunished; but, at the moment, they are carried away by those mixed feelings which suggest allowances for crime committed under special circumstances. The same thing is often seen after a criminal is sentenced to execution. The community, in a general way, wishes that justice should be done; but if once some skillful friend of the convict seizes on points in his case which tend in some slight degree to exculpate him, and gets the public to listen, there is certain to be a great number of sentimental, impulsive people whom love of notoriety, or of paradox, or sheer pity, prompts to defeat the law if they can, by passionate appeals to the Home Secretary.

It is a curious question to ask what detectives really do, and how they do it—how much crime is found out through their agency, and what are the means they employ? Those wretched private detectives, as they call themselves, who offer their services to get up scandals, do unquestionably pick up or invent a mass of gossip; and it is by no means a pleasant reflection that any one who owes another a grudge can hire a scoundrel to spy out all the details of his enemy's life, in the hope of securing some base end by daring the man he has spied to face publicity. There are, we suppose, some private detectives of a higher stamp; but, putting these people aside, what do the detectives employed in a proper and responsible way, by official authority, really do? We believe that the experience of all lawyers who have had much to do with the working of the criminal law is that the detectives do exceedingly little. The crimes which are found out, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, reveal themselves. The police merely conduct an inquiry which is perfectly obvious. A dead body is found, and the law sets a particular set of persons to make inquiry about it. The police ask simple questions of the people most likely to know, and get answers which show who was the murderer. It is true that the police in such a case discover the criminal, but this is merely because the police are the persons paid to go through this easy process. If a crime has been committed of a kind to make detection complicated, the police may still obtain some clue by simply exhausting all the chances of finding something to guide them. They have unbounded time before them; if they succeed, they are complimented and paid extra; if they fail, they are still paid as much as their labour is worth in the market. They have also the prestige of the law to help them and in most cases, in England, there is a general desire in the population that the offender should be brought to justice. But they have not anything more, and if the concealment of the crime is such as to baffle the investigation of persons who are armed with the authority of the law, and can afford to take plenty of time in the search, the crime almost always remains undetected. There is no such thing, unless in very exceptional cases, as sending to London for skilled detectives who, by some magical art, can hunt out a crime undiscoverable by a decent set of competent policemen working in the ordinary way. The main use of calling in the services of London policemen is, that the men sent are the most expert of their class, and are tolerably sure to avoid gross blunders at the outset. They may be useful in preventing the local authorities from going off on wrong scents and so losing time. But when they set to work, they can but work as all men of sense and experience would work in conducting such an inquiry, and have no special secret or art of their own.

Then what can detectives really do? These volumes, which are evidently written with an accurate knowledge of the subject, supply an answer that is, we think, tolerably correct. They can do two things if they are masters of their business. They can catch, better than most men, a person supposed to have committed a crime; and, secondly, when they have caught him, they can deal with him better than most persons can. Both these things are distinct from unravelling the secret of a crime. The detectives could not find out the clue to the Road murder; but if they had fixed reasonable suspicion on any person, and that person had tried to run away, they would have effected his capture better than any ordinary man of intelligence could have done. This is partly from experience and partly from a natural capacity for acting. A man accustomed to hunt criminals gets a general idea of what criminals are likely to do—what ports, for example, they are likely to embark at, or what are the most common devices for throwing suspicion on other people. Then, again, the detective has, or ought to have, a turn for acting, and a good deal of practice in acting. He has the face and figure which admit of disguises; he can, in technical language, make up well; and when he is made up, he can behave as a person of his assumed character would behave. He can do at least as well as a fair farce actor could. He knows how to dress as a waiter, as a clergyman, as a commercial traveller, and he is tolerably at home in his dis-

guises. Wherever the fugitive is, he must, unless in solitude or in a regular den of thieves, be among people innocently pursuing the ordinary business of life, and regardless of him. He is on his guard against exceptional people who look as if they were engaged on special business, and whose special business may be to catch him; but he cannot be on his guard against all the people who seem to be doing only what they do every day, and to be going on without any reference to him and his crime. It is the part of the detective to pretend to be one of these people, and to act so naturally that the fugitive is entrapped; and in order to act the part the detective must have a manageable figure and face, and know how to talk naturally, and be willing and ready to tell a vast amount of lies on the spur of the moment. Then, again, when the prey is bagged and the detective has revealed himself as a detective, and has his criminal in his grasp, he often, from experience of criminals, and from the general quickness which a life like his fosters, can deal with his man in a very effective way. He can, perhaps, read in the captive's face whether he is guilty or not, and if he looks guilty he can often make defence virtually impossible by boldly accusing him of the crime, while beforehand the detective had no more than a general suspicion.

Almost all the stories in these volumes fall in with this account of a detective's business. We are supposed to know the criminal from the outset, and the detective is set to catch him. This he does, partly because he is so clever at making up, and partly because he manages to get a variety of people to help him, either by bribing them, or by interesting them in assisting the law, or by offering them the means of revenge for wrongs inflicted on them by the criminal. Then, when he has succeeded in finding out where the criminal is, and in getting him within the power of the law, he takes a shot and overwhelms the criminal by making him think that all his iniquities are fully known. This is the way in which the author of this autobiography is supposed to describe himself as working, and it is the way in which detectives really work, we believe, when they are successful. And it is obvious that this method of proceeding suits the literary purposes of the writer of these volumes remarkably well. For it offers him, first, the opportunity of describing a great variety of clever disguises and ingenious devices for getting others to aid the detective; and, secondly, it gives him the opportunity of ending each tale with an effect in some degree striking, when the detective takes his bold shot and succeeds to the delight of himself and the reader. Still it ought to be said that these different stories are remarkably well chosen, as having each a distinct character and introducing the reader to very distinct scenes and sets of people. It would only spoil them to give anything like an account of the incidents on which they turn; for in short stories, and especially in stories where one little difficulty is to be successfully solved, to know the plot is to lose the interest; and these volumes are much too amusing to make it fair towards the writer that the interest should be spoilt beforehand. It ought to be added, that although they treat of all sorts of crimes committed by persons of both sexes, there is nothing in them that the most sensitive mind could consider as rendering them unfit for general reading.

LIST OF THE MERCHANTS OF LONDON. 1677.*

THE real title-page of this little book is not that which we have given below in due form, but is to be found some way on in the volume itself. Like most old title-pages, advertisements, and addresses of letters, it exhibits what, in our times, we should call a scandalous waste of words. Either people were less busy formerly than they are now, and had not the same need of sparing speech and writing, or else they had not learned that art of expressing matters in short technical forms which seems now to be essential to the despatch of business. An old-fashioned book describes itself in its title-page, pleads for itself, sets forth its own merits. A title-page may be, like the present, business-like; or it may be, like some others, facetious; but, in either case, neither fun nor business seems to have been capable in the seventeenth century of that degree of compression to which both have attained in the nineteenth. The title-page of a modern Directory may, indeed, contain an elaborate account of the contents of that particular Directory, but it will hardly enter into the same sort of arguments to prove the usefulness of Directories in general which we find in the small title-page before us:—

A Collection of the Names of the Merchants living in and about the City of London; very Useful and Necessary. Carefully Collected for the Benefit of all Dealers that shall have occasion with any of them; Directing them at the first sight of their name, to the place of their abode. London, Printed for Sam. Lee, and are to be sold at his Shop in Lombard-street, near Popes-head-Alley: and Dan. Major at the Flying Horse in Fleet-street. 1677.

It is not too much to say that a list of names of any kind is always sure to be of some use, whether to the student of nomenclature for its own sake, or to the historian or antiquary who is on the look-out for hints in every quarter great and small. Thus a very rapid glance over this present list tells us, what to one interested in the history of names is worth knowing, that in 1677 no merchant of the City of London bore a double Christian name, with one clear and one possible exception. There is one Jacob Jesurum

* *The Little London Directory of 1677.* The oldest printed List of the Merchants and Bankers of London. Reprinted from the exceedingly rare Original, with an Introduction pointing out some of the most eminent Merchants of the Period. London: John Camden Hotten. 1863.

[Jeshurun?] Alvarez, whom we suspect of being a Spanish or Portuguese Jew. There is also "Johnmartin Elkins," whose name would be less strange if we take it to have been really "John Martin," and set down the transcriber as having been puzzled by the novelty of the double name. John Baptist Burnell and John Baptist Vanderhoeven, besides the latter being a palpable Dutchman, are hardly to be reckoned as exceptions. "John-Baptist" is hardly a double, but rather a compound name. Of "Christians Vanbreda Samuel," put under the head of Vanbreda, we can make but little; though we venture a guess that it means Samuel Christians, or Christian Samuel, of Breda. If not a mere blunder of some sort, it is rather a double surname than a double Christian name. Setting aside foreigners, whose names are often palpably corrupted, there is less that is curious in the way of names supplied by this list than might have been expected.

A list, however, of London merchants in 1677 illustrates several things besides the mere history of nomenclature. It is really no bad comment on several brilliant passages of Lord Macaulay. Few readers can have forgotten his vivid description of the City of London in the old time, before it was wholly forsaken by its natural chiefs, when it was not merely a place to make money in, but a place to live in and to fight for and to call forth the same sort of intense local patriotism which glowed in the breast of a citizen of Athens or Florence or Zürich. The main point of difference between those days and ours is that the great merchants of the City still lived in the City, and did not despise its municipal honours. In the list of Merchants, and in the list of Goldsmiths which follows it, we find several names which play a more or less prominent part in Lord Macaulay's History. We miss, indeed, Sir Roger Clayton, who built the grand house in Old Jewry, and the more famous Sir Dudley North of Basinghall Street, who perhaps had not returned from the East in 1677. But we meet with William Kiffin, the Baptist Alderman, whose name is familiar to all readers of the reign of James II., and, as our Editor says, "with a less respectable name of the same class, William Lob," who also appears in Lord Macaulay's pages. We find Michael Godfrey, first Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England, brother of the famous Sir Edmundsbury, and who himself came to such a remarkable end under the eye of William III. We find also Sir John Moore, of Mincin-Lane, doubtless the object of the "sublime raptures of the Pindar of the City"—

The worshipful Sir John Moor!

After age that name adore!

The "Goldsmiths" of that age, the "Lombard Street men," were, we need hardly add, really bankers—"Goldsmiths," as they are described, "that keep running cashes." "Blanchard and Child at the Marygold in Fleet Street" and James Hore at the Golden Bottle in Cheapside seem to be the ancestors of great banking-houses which still exist. How important a part the two Childs, John and Josiah, played in the early history of the East India Company, every reader of Lord Macaulay must remember.

Although the City still remained, in 1677, the actual dwelling-place of many rich merchants, others had already begun to settle in suburban and rural quarters, though it must be remembered that what was then rural is now suburban, and that what was then suburban is now an essential part of London town. Some seem to have even done business at their country-houses; others had houses of call in the City, which it is not always easy to distinguish from cases where the merchant, as sometimes clearly happened, lived in lodgings. Thus Daniel Axtell gives no residence, but is "to be spoken withal at the Sign of the Purse in Loathbury." Arthur Barnadiston lived at Hogsdon (of which place more anon), but was "to be spoken with at Mr. Hedges in Broadstreet." John Gold is to be found either at "Turkey Walk in the Exchange or at Clapham." "George Matson, lodger at an Upholsterers, Cornhill" is equally clear the other way. But "John Evans at Mr. Sparrows a Packers in Swan Alley Coleman Street" is more ambiguous. Did he live at the packers, or only do business there? The addresses thus given are most commonly "at a packers," whatever the exact nature of the packer's art and mystery may be; but other trades are sometimes favoured in the same way. Thus Robert Blackmore was to be found "at a Barbers, Ironmonger Lane," and James Foulcs in "Clements-lane at a Milliners." It is but seldom that the name of the packer, barber, or milliner is given. Titles and offices, when the owners have any, are carefully marked. Sir Richard Ford, Alderman John Hough, Major Peter Houbton, and Captain Needum were not to be confounded with smaller folk. The military dignitaries were doubtless, as the Editor suggests, of the same order as John Gilpin.

A train-band Captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

But below these higher worthies a distinction is to be seen between those merchants who have plain Christian and surname and those who are allowed the handle of "Mr." The title clearly implies something definite, some distinct municipal rank or other. That it is not added or left out at random is clear from the description of two persons, possibly brothers and evidently partners, as "Tho. & Mr. Death."

Among the suburban places of abode one of the chief favourites was *Hogsdon* or *Hogsden*. The name suggests the memory of the great forest which, as late as William Fitzstephen's day, covered London to the north, and abounded in wild bulls and boars and other beasts of chase. The derivation is almost wholly blotted out in the politer form *Hoxton*, by which the suburb is now known. As the Editor says:—

The *Hogsdon* of the list (our *Hoxton*) is shown to have been pretty full of merchants; and we know how delightful a group of gardens that suburb

possessed in the olden time. Not very long after 1677, its worthy horticultural Fairchild there practised his art with eminent success; and not only founded the annual sermon still preached by distinguished divines every year upon the bounty of the Creator in the gifts of nature, but tried hard with his pen to teach the citizens to adorn London with gardens. This is a consideration well worth pursuing at this moment of London's revival. Her seventy grave-yards, so long festering charnel-houses, may, under wise direction, become centres of floral beauty and instructive recreation to our youthful London population.

The list now before us is, according to the Editor, the first printed attempt at a London Directory. There is, however, he tells us, preserved at Lambeth a manuscript attempt, thirty years older, and compiled with quite another object. This is "a list of all the inhabitants of London liable to pay tithes, with the amounts due from each."

The Editor ends by telling us:—

During the progress of this little volume through the press a most interesting fact relative to the history of trade has come to light. It appears from an old pamphlet that an "Office of Addresses" was started as early as 1650, by Henry Robinson, a well known writer on matters of commerce and finance during the commonwealth period. The ideas of this worthy are so advanced and sound that it is more than probable that Sir William Petty, who soon after began to write upon these subjects, was indebted to him for some of his liberal views with regard to the extension of trade. Henry Robinson's "Office in Threadneedle Street, over against the Castle Tavern, close to the Old Exchange in London," comes out with a business-like precision in the very advertisement, that promises well for his work—the keeping particular registers of all manner of addresses. Then follows a catalogue of subjects of inquiry, so copious and so curious as to be a new proof that there is almost nothing new under the sun! Sixpence was the fee, and for this small sum answers to all sorts of questions connected with business could be obtained. The whereabouts of merchants, the arrivals or departures of ships, the current price of certain commodities, were all to be ascertained by visiting this ancient Inquiry Office—the crude offshoot of a commerce struggling to develop itself, and answering for a time the purposes of a broker's office, the Stock-Exchange, and the modern newspaper teeming with trade advertisements.

MODERN FRANCE.*

MR. KIRWAN has taken what has now become the almost universal course of republishing some of his contributions to periodical literature. They are distinguished from some other productions of the same kind by the fact that they have a common subject—namely, the state of France. They are not equally distinguished by their intrinsic merits. They are a collection of second-rate reviews written in a loose, fluent, gossiping style, and just worth running over by any one who wants to acquaint himself with the gossip of French journalism. Journalism is the principal subject of the book, though incidentally some other subjects receive notice. There is a little talk about Paris, a little also about the French army, and some observations on French authors—but this is only by the way. The thing in France that Mr. Kirwan really knows and cares about is the personal gossip of French newspapers. In his pages those who are curious on the subject may find out when, and how, and with what capital most of the French newspapers were founded, what is and has been their circulation, and who are and have been the principal writers in them. This is neither very interesting nor very instructive, especially as the whole story is now a thing of the past, and French journalism has descended to a condition in which it has lost all merits except those of elegance of style and adroitness in insinuating what it is not permitted openly to assert. There was, no doubt, room for a good essay on the subject, inasmuch as for some years the position held by the newspaper press of Paris was almost, if not altogether, unprecedented in modern history, and afforded a singular illustration both of the bad and the good side of the French national character. From 1830 to 1848 writing in newspapers was perhaps the best road to the attainment of political power, and nearly every leading man in the French political world has or had been more or less closely connected with some journal. The rewards given to ability in this pursuit were wonderful. A good writer of leading articles might hope to get, in course of time, all the prizes of political life; and, in order to do this, it was by no means necessary that the paper in which he wrote should be highly successful in a commercial point of view. Many journals with but a trifling circulation had great political influence, and conferred fame and its substantial rewards on the contributors. Mr. Kirwan tells us that, at the height of its power under Armand Carrel, the *National* had only 4,300 subscribers, yet its writers and managers were amongst the most prominent figures in the three days of 1830. There cannot be a doubt that under this system rewards were held out to literary ability, and to that kind of tact which the management of a public journal requires, utterly unlike anything which has ever been afforded to them in England. The only matter of much interest which Mr. Kirwan's book either suggests or discusses is connected with this. He frequently contrasts the English and French views of the condition of journalism. In England, he says—and says truly—a newspaper is, before everything else, a commercial speculation. Whatever else it does, it must pay; and whatever else it contains, it must contain matter that will sell. This being so, the contributor is of course a secondary personage. The editor, as agent for the proprietors, is alone responsible; and the writers are not only anonymous, but are, generally speaking, in fact, unknown. He admits that our papers are written with great ability—with as much ability, on the whole, as the French papers were written with in their better days, at least in certain cases, and far more than they are at present allowed to exhibit, except upon

* *Modern France. Its Journalism, Literature, and Society.* By A. V. Kirwan, Esq. London: Jackson, Walford, & Hodder. 1863.

literary topics. But the writers, though able, are not proud of their performances; they expect no results from them beyond payment; and no one who has any pretensions to eminence in any serious walk of life adopts the profession of a journalist as he would adopt any other of the regular professions. Mr. Kirwan observes that this is the very reverse of the old French practice. Journalism was with our neighbours as much a liberal profession as any other. It was as openly practised, and at least as highly rewarded by public estimation, and even by official and political promotion, as any other pursuit. Mr. Kirwan occasionally descants upon this in the usual way, condemning the vulgarity of the English practice, and extolling the French as calculated to produce, not only better newspapers, but a higher tone of general feeling upon all subjects connected with journalism and with political life.

No doubt there are two sides to the question, but more is to be said for the English side of it than Mr. Kirwan appears to think. If leading articles ought to be like despatches, if journalists had to discharge precisely the same duties as statesmen, and if every newspaper ought by rights to be a sort of seed-plot for politicians, no doubt the French theory would be the true one; but not only is this not the case, but it is so far from being true that it overlooks the essential function of journalism—a function which is fully discharged in this country and hardly anywhere else. This function is that of expressing nakedly and plainly the unbiased opinion of that part of the public by which each individual paper is read. If our newspapers were political engines in the same way as the French papers used to be, this would be impossible. When a man writes in his own name and with a view to his own political objects, he never does and never can be expected to express himself quite fully. He is obliged to think of the effect which his writings will have on his own individual prospects. Speeches in Parliament never fully represent the opinion of the speakers. They only give the opinions which the speakers think it right to express, regard being had to all manner of party considerations. A well-written newspaper goes far beyond this. It puts into plain words what every one of a particular class feels, and what many of that class would not like to say—indeed, what no one could be properly called upon to say in his own person. Look, for instance, at the *Times*. No one could write its leading articles if he had to sign his name to them; and why not? Not because people would be too timid, nor because the articles are such that a man of honour would be ashamed to sign them; but because they throw aside the reflection as to personal consequences and the fear of comparison with other opinions, which induce every one who speaks in his own name to speak with considerable reserve. It may be said that it is undesirable that these restraints should be removed, but this is by no means true. It is highly important upon many subjects to know what is the real unbiased opinion which people hold, apart from the question whether or not it is creditable to them to hold it. Suppose it to be highly desirable to know whether or not a given man is really able or is only a coxcomb and a charlatan; would not the result of a ballot be far more likely to be proximately correct than the result of a number of signed testimonials? If the real and full opinion of the public is a matter worth knowing, it can be known only through anonymous journalism.

This, it may be said, makes journalism a low occupation, an organized system of stabbing in the dark; but this is altogether absurd. No doubt it enables malignant people to write malignantly with impunity, but it has no tendency to make men malignant. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and it would be most unfair to describe the press of this country as generally abusive or slanderous. It would soon lose its influence if it were. Its peculiar characteristic is extreme plainness of speech on all subjects. By comparing together a sufficient number of English newspapers, the comparison being guided by a competent knowledge of the classes of readers for whom they are intended, any one who cares may learn precisely what is thought in England upon almost any political subject. Be the value of such knowledge what it may, there it is in an authentic form, and nothing of the sort is to be had elsewhere.

Next to Journalism, the subject on which Mr. Kirwan speaks most readily is the Empire. He is never tired of writing about it, and his tone is bitterly hostile. In the main, he is probably right enough; but we must remember, after all, that the Empire does represent France at large as few other Governments do represent the nations over which they preside. The Emperor did not make that passion for material enjoyments of all sorts which appears to be overpowering every other feeling in the French character, nor did he originate that inconsiderate flighty violence which could not bear the suspense and anxiety of Parliamentary Government, or face the unpleasant truths which it is the nature of such a system to bring to light. His power is but a symptom, and requires explanation like everything else.

It is one of the most singular of familiar facts that we know so little of France. It is our nearest neighbour, it is one of our best customers, it is connected with us in a thousand intimate ways, and yet it is foreign to a degree of which few English people seem to be aware. A traveller in France, with something of the powers of Arthur Young and a little of the philosophy of De Tocqueville, might write one of the most curious books that could possibly be composed. It would, however, take him a good deal more ability, time, and trouble than Mr. Kirwan was in a position to give to the subject.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE Church History of Ferdinand Baur of Tübingen was left unfinished at his death. It had only been brought down to the end of the mediæval period in the three volumes which he lived to publish. He did not leave materials behind him for continuing it exactly on its original plan; but he left a series of lectures, partly rewritten and worked up, which has enabled his son to publish a fourth volume, and so to complete the work. This fourth volume includes the period from the breaking out of the Reformation to the beginning of the nineteenth century. The author does not treat the history of the time at any length, but runs over the events with the rapidity of a school-abridgement. His chief attention is directed to the philosophical significance and tendency of the religious movements and struggles of his period. He devotes himself rather to analysing the controversies of contending sects, their dogmas, their ritual, and their morality, than to giving a detailed narrative of the historical vicissitudes of power or persecution through which they passed. Upon this system he enters deeply into the influence which the revival of classical learning exercised on the European mind, into the Eucharistic controversies of the earlier Reformers, the morality and teaching of the Jesuits, and the multitudinous schools of religious thought into which Protestantism was split up in the centuries that succeeded the Reformation. But the Thirty Years' War occupies only four pages, and the Reformation in England, up to the death of Henry VIII., is despatched in three. The treatment of the subject is of course learned and exhaustive, but it betrays too markedly the controversial atmosphere in which the author lived. It does not present a vestige of impartiality. As a controversial essay against all persons holding to an ecclesiastical system of organization or a dogmatic belief, it is effective and in place. But as a history, which should at least make some pretence to a neutral treatment of controverted questions, it loses its value. In every judgment the author pronounces, he never forgets for one moment that he belongs to the extreme Left of the polemical world. He can acknowledge no personal merit in his opponents. In proportion as they differ from him, and do not "worship the God in their own breasts," in that proportion they are accounted destitute of all moral worth. Of the Jesuits, who stand exactly at the opposite pole of the theological sphere, he speaks with a vehemence of language which is somewhat obsolete in controversy, and for a parallel to which it would be necessary to go back three hundred years. From them a scale of moral excellence among the sects is formed, graduated exactly in the inverse ratio of their hierarchical or traditional convictions. The Lutherans are better than the Roman Catholics; the Calvinists are more moral than the Lutherans; the Presbyterian is more virtuous than the Episcopalian; and the Anabaptists and Quakers, apart from a few exaggerations, are truer representatives of the spirit of Christianity than any of them. But it is apparently in Lessing and the author of the *Wolfenbüttel Fragments*, the schoolmaster Reimarus, that, in his judgment, the highest point of virtue was attained. The same strange bias betrays itself in the versions which he gives of well-known historical events, or the judgments which he passes upon them, in the brief chronicle with which his philosophical essays are interspersed. It is rather startling to the student of English history to find it stated that perfect tolerance prevailed under the government of Cromwell, when it was penal to recite the prayers of the Anglican Church even in a private room. It is equally puzzling to find a well-informed man speaking of the Popish Plot with the most undoubted confidence, as if it had been a genuine historical event. In the same spirit, the author mentions the heroic deeds of Xavier without a word of praise, and the atrocious severity of our penal laws against the Catholics, after the Revolution, without a word of blame. Such a mode of dealing with history at the present day might not be surprising in an orator at a Scotch synod, but one would have thought that a Professor at Tübingen was removed by a sufficient distance from Christian polemics to be able to take an impartial view of the contending parties. There is another feature in the book which is in some degree common to the historians of all nations, but in the case before us is abnormally conspicuous, and that is its extreme nationality. The author's conception of the Christian Church begins and ends with Germany. In the first part of the book—which consists of 174 pages, and describes the progress of the Reformation up to the year 1555—three pages are devoted to England; ten are given to the rest of the world, including France, Hungary, Bohemia, Transylvania, Poland, Holland, Spain, Italy, Sweden, and Denmark; and all the rest are devoted to Germany. The narrowness of the book, both politically and religiously, is a serious drawback to its value as a history.

Dr. Strauss has published a lecture upon Lessing's *Nathan*, of which the occasion is more remarkable than the work itself. In the preface it is stated to have been one of a series of lectures delivered in the small town of Heilbronn for the purpose of procuring money for the strange enterprise of raising a German fleet by subscription. The lectures were duly delivered, and a sum of money was raised, of which the amount is not stated, but which seems to have satisfied the expectations of the lecturers. But when the money was collected an unexpected difficulty arose. The German fleet, as soon

* *Kirchen-Geschichte der neueren Zeit von der Reformation bis zum Ende des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts.* Von Dr. F. C. Baur. Tübingen: Fries. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

† *Lessing's Nathan der Weise.* Ein Vortrag von David Friedrich Strauss. Berlin: Guttentag. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

as this modest machinery had raised money enough to build it, was to have been placed under the leadership of Prussia. But before the money was paid in, M. Von Bismark came into office; and even a German fleet was not worth having if a Bismark was to have the disposal of it. So the money that had been raised by the lecture upon Lessing, and other lectures, had to be invested until the day when the King of Prussia should change his mind, and M. Von Bismark retire into private life. The composition which was the result of this nautical zeal was no doubt listened to in the patriotic spirit in which it was composed. Otherwise, the audience must have thought that Dr. Strauss was presuming upon the opportunity. He appears to have been of opinion that, for such a purpose, one lecture was as good as another. The work is wholly destitute of force or originality. It is only a weak critique on the *Nathan*, preceded by a narrative of the circumstances of pecuniary pressure under which Lessing composed it, and seasoned here and there by a spicy specimen of Dr. Strauss's peculiar views upon ecclesiastical matters. Such, for instance, is the remark that, "so long as churches exist," the unscrupulous and hypocritical Patriarch "will bring to the mind of every hearer or spectator of the play some spiritual dignity of his own immediate neighbourhood." But there are not enough of these passages to keep the commentary from being dull. The general object of the theological sentiments which make their appearance in the work is, of course, to prove the absurdity of all historical religions, and the superiority of the religion of pure reason.

One of the few Germans who returned from the campaign of 1812, M. Zimmermann, has given a slight sketch of his sufferings to the world under the title *As far as Siberia*.^{*} The sufferings of the German regiments were peculiarly great, and the proportion that returned exceptionally small, because it was Napoleon's policy to expose to the utmost the races who followed him unwillingly into the field, and to spare as far as possible the French regiments upon which he could depend. M. Zimmermann's escape was probably in a great degree owing to the fact that he was taken prisoner long before Napoleon had reached Moscow. But his sufferings as a prisoner were severe enough. He and his fellow-prisoners were transported as far as the Government of Orenburg, in Asia. When they arrived there, they were treated with tolerable humanity; but in the march there from the neighbourhood of Wilna, where they were taken, their sufferings were nearly as severe as those of their comrades a little later in the retreat from Moscow. They were handed over for transport to the peasants of the various districts through which they had to pass, who received nothing for conveying them except what they could plunder from them. The peasants made it a patriotic duty to do this with the greatest zeal, and took from them, not only their property and a great part of their clothes, but nearly all the allowances which the Russian Government made them for their support. The consequence was that, half-starved, ill-clothed, and compelled to sleep in the open air in a Russian autumn, numbers were unable to keep up with the long daily marches; and every one who fell behind, or stumbled towards the end of the day, was inexorably killed. So fearfully did this treatment tell on them, that out of about ten thousand who had started for Asia, only ninety-nine were alive when the peace took place, a year and a half later, and of that remnant one was idiotic from his sufferings. The author remarks that none of the Spaniards or Portuguese who were among the prisoners were able to stand out against the hardships to which they were subjected.

A new and augmented edition of Lindau's History of Dresden† has come out in numbers. It is a history of the town in the strict sense of the word—not a mere description of its antiquities and localities, with the story attached to them—but a regular chronicle of all the events from the earliest time to the present day, in which Dresden was in any way concerned. It is an industrious and profuse work, adorned with five-and-twenty engravings, and written in a loyal spirit to the reigning dynasty. The author is skilful in representing them as the object of the perpetual enthusiasm of their subjects; and he steers with considerable dexterity through the difficulty of maintaining a constant eulogy of Saxony during her relations with Napoleon, and avoiding any language that might offend modern German sentiment.

Dr. Schleiden has published a short treatise to draw attention to the materialistic tendencies of natural science in Germany.‡ He complains that materialism is abroad in the world in a more subtle, and therefore in a more dangerous, form than ever it assumed before. In former times, materialism took the shape of a distinct system of opinion. It was followed out to its utmost consequences; and a philosophical structure was erected upon it as a foundation. Now no one avows it as such. Few people grapple with the question whether there is such a thing as spirit or not. The existence of spirit is taken for granted—and ignored. At the same time, all the systems of physiological and chemical science are framed more or less on the assumption that it is only a mode of matter. In the treatises of many of

the most distinguished professors of physical science, the idea is constantly cropping up, under a covering more or less transparent, that moral and mental phenomena are determined purely by the chemical or other action of molecules of matter. Dr. Schleiden attributes this evil, in some way not altogether intelligible, to the operation of the mediæval period upon the development of the human mind. The tendency of that epoch was to imprison thought within the limits traced out by certain artificial codes of knowledge. In pagan times, thought was free, and no one attempted to constrain the speculations of his neighbour—so the Doctor, forgetting Socrates, argues at some length. When the middle ages came, and with them an interval of absolute sterility in the history of thought, men took to codifying the results to which the genius of their predecessors had reached. The accumulated and systematized results to which religious meditation had attained were codified under the name of the Bible. Civil law took a similar shape in the hands of Justinian; the canon law followed its example; classical literature was studied as an organized and separate whole; and the schoolmen reduced the investigations of Aristotle to a stiff system, which they presented to the world as the final form of philosophy. At the same time sprung up Dr. Schleiden's particular horror—the tendency to intellectual conservatism. Men did not come to the problems of science unbiassed, as he thinks they did in ancient days. They came dragging after them a chain of traditional belief, from which they were taught that it was perilous to free themselves. The result, he thinks, has been specially injurious in the domains of theology and philosophy. It imparted a wrong bias to the whole tone of thought upon these subjects. Some might be slavish, and others theological; but the equilibrium was disturbed, and thinkers who could take a broad and unprejudiced view have been rare and powerless. Dr. Schleiden's evident difficulty is, that he is at war with everybody at once. He objects to materialism, and so do the religious people; but he objects to the religious people still more. In fact, he attributes the growth of materialism to "the senselessness of commencing our education of youth with a lie—the Creation, &c.—in fact, the so-called Bible history." There are many German philosophers and critics who would agree with him in this sentiment; but he turns upon modern German philosophy with the utmost fury. The bitterness and vigour with which he exposes the hollow verbiage, which Hegel and Schelling imposed upon their countrymen as philosophy, is new in a German's mouth, and not a little hopeful. But he quarrels equally with the people who learn of tradition, the people who learn of science, and the people who manufacture a faith out of their own internal consciousness. He does not object to the latter plan; but the internal consciousness employed must be his own. He is exceedingly fierce against the ignorance of some of his countrymen. The following specimen would seem to show that it is infectious. He is arguing that even now the power of the State is sometimes employed to repress new theological opinions; and he adds in illustration, "Look, as an instance, at the truly bestial zealot's howl of *Archdeacon Denison in the English Lower House*, against the really very tame criticism of Bishop Colenso on the Old Testament." It is no business of ours to break a lance in defence of the doughty Archdeacon; but a writer who is so scrupulous about facts ought to have mastered the difference between the Lower House of Parliament and the Lower House of Convocation, and to have discovered that a speech in the latter could have no sort of connexion with the legal repression of opinion.

Dr. Grohmann* complains that the scientific value of traditions and folk-lore is very much impaired by the additions which are made to them in order to fit them for the literary market. The writer of a novel or a magazine looks upon the legends of a rude locality, not as ethnological fossils from which he can decypher the history of an ancient race, but simply as raw material for the use of his craft. He works them up, with such modifications and ornaments as will fit them for general reading. The consequence is that, while his sale increases, the characteristic and instructive features of the historical monument are gradually effaced. To abate this evil Dr. Grohmann has devoted himself to the collection of Bohemian and Moravian legends in their rough, unadorned state. The volume he has now published contains the legends of Bohemia; Moravia will occupy the next. The author has carried the idea of presenting the legends in their naked truth so far that he has even abstained from any commentaries or notes upon them.

A Jewish writer, M. J. Benjamin II.,† has published a translation of a curious narrative of the great Cossack rebellion under Chmielnicki in 1648. The author was a Polish Jew, living in the districts which the Cossacks overran, and he was witness of many of the events of the war and of the cruelties the insurgents inflicted. King Sigismund of Sweden, when he was raised to the throne of Poland, entirely broke up the tradition of religious equality that had previously prevailed, and did everything in his power to favour the Catholics and to persecute the Orthodox. The nobles of the latter creed deserted it readily for the sake of Court favour, but the common people would not. They were accordingly subjected to all the persecutions which the Catholics, or even the Jews, chose to inflict on them. King Wladislaw, his son,

* *Die nach Sibiriens. Erinnerungen aus dem Feldzuge nach Russland und aus der Gefangenschaft, 1812-1814.* Von E. Zimmermann. Hannover: Bumpier. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

† *Geschichte der Haupt- und Residenz-Stadt Dresden; von der frühesten bis auf die gegenwärtige Zeit.* Von M. B. Lindau. Dresden: Kunze. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

‡ *Über den Materialismus der neueren deutschen Wissenschaft.* Von M. J. Schleiden. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

* *Sagen aus Böhmen.* Von Dr. J. V. Grohmann. Prag: Calvo. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

† *Ja Wen Mezula. Schilderung der polnisch-kosakischen Krieger, 1648-1653.* Hgn. von J. J. Benjamin II. Hannover: Selbstverlage des Hgn. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

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